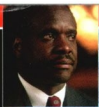


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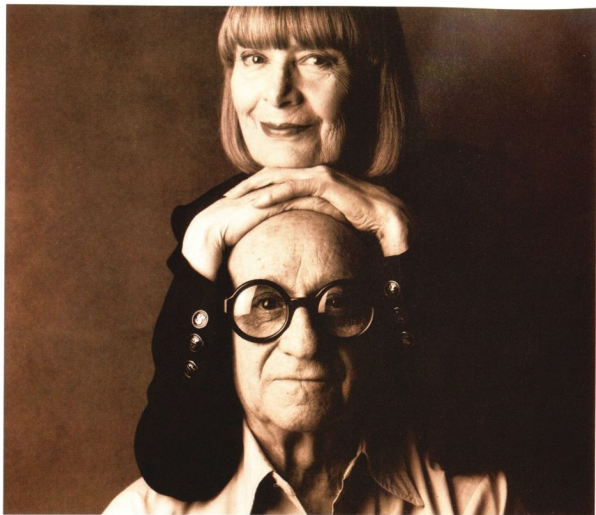
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**24 / MAN IN THE MIDDLE****32 / SLOWING A FREE FALL**

ANTHONY SQUARONE FOR TIME

ANTHONY SQUARONE FOR TIME

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Some journalists seem fated to write about certain subjects. Sam Allis, who reported on this week's cover, comes from a family with five generations of distinguished careers in the field of education. They range from founder of Haverford College to dean at Harvard to alumni official at Amherst College. Sam's father is a former chairman of the history department at Phillips Academy, which Sam attended before going to Harvard.

Fortunately, Sam brings much more to the table than lineage. He monitors the education of his daughter, Molly, 8, who attends a public school in Brookline, Mass. "If there is one thing I have learned in this beat, it is that parental involvement is the single biggest factor between success and failure for a school," he explains. "One, often two bleary-eyed parents of virtually every child in Molly's class show up at 7:30 a.m. for breakfast to hear and see what their children and teachers are doing. Any school that can command that kind of loyalty is doing something right."

Bleary-eyed loyalty is nothing new to Allis, though. Colleagues know Sam best for his engaging wit and his tendency to immerse himself in a good story. While on the presidential campaign trail with Walter Mondale in 1984, Allis grew a beard, overate on the campaign plane and "became somewhat Orson Wellesian," recalls a comrade. In other phases, he's been lean and mean. "Sam is indefatigable, and his enthusiasms are boundless," observes George Russell, who edited this week's cover package. "He throws himself at things. That's one of the reasons he's so good at what he does."

Allis wrote for the *Wall Street Journal* before coming to TIME in 1981. After stints in Houston, Washington and Rome, he joined the Boston bureau in 1988 and began writing about educa-



Tenacious Sam Allis, on the education beat

"The educational establishment in this country needs to be sandblasted out of its torpor."

tion. Allis is a firm believer in public schools and is adamant that their problems won't be solved purely by the marketplace mentality toward education that is now in vogue. "Children are not widgets, and the less successful cannot be discarded like failed businesses," he says, not without a trace of anger. "On the other hand, the educational establishment in this country needs to be sandblasted out of its torpor." Sam has never had a high tolerance for torpor, and we like that.

Eugene P. Vach

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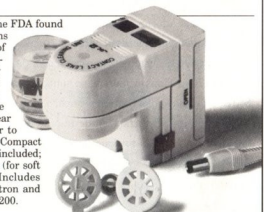
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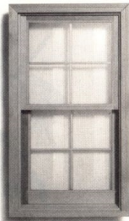
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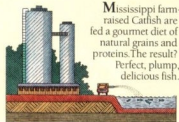


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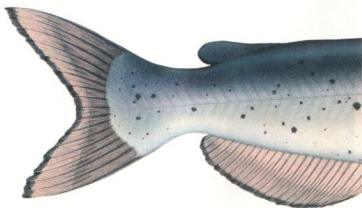
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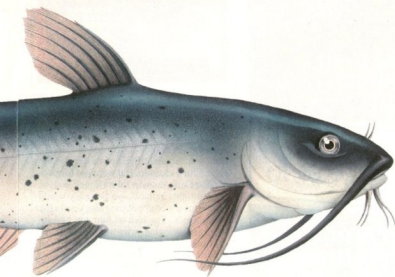
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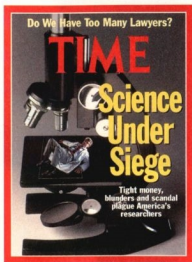
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LETTERS

SCIENCE UNDER SIEGE

"Why don't we develop scientific stars, who would be glorified and rewarded the same way athletes and movie stars are?"

Mario A. Burello
Jensen Beach, Fla.



Your story on the problems of America's scientific researchers reflects the very bias that is undermining that community [SCIENCE, Aug. 26]. Even as you cite case after case of fraud, inaccuracy and deception, you remain critical of those who are calling for a cleanup. If it were not for people like Congressman John Dingell and the animal-rights activists, we probably would be less informed about the goings-on in the laboratories. The lack of humility and integrity is bringing scientists down. They cannot consider themselves separate from the rest of society while the public is paying the bill for questionable research.

Jane Cartmill
Encinitas, Calif.

Big Science is important, but it is madness to sacrifice the individual scientist. While the Federal Government funds major research projects at unprecedented levels, it is starving individuals. Its misplaced

LETTERS

priorities have made it almost impossible for even superb young faculty members to obtain research grants to begin their careers. This country's highest science goal must be direct support for individual investigators; they are the ones who will fuel our technological and economic future.

*Raymond L. Orbach, Provost
College of Letters and Science
UCLA
Los Angeles*

Scientists indeed bear much responsibility for the erosion of our general esteem, but not because of the litany of problems you cite. Abetted by the media, we have failed to communicate to a scientifically naive public the difference between theory and fact and the essential uncertainty that characterizes scientific inquiry.

*Myron Genel, M.D., Professor of Pediatrics
Yale University School of Medicine
New Haven, Conn.*

You note that animal-rights advocates are among the watchdog groups demanding accountability from the scientific community. Can scientific information be obtained without using animals? With less painful methods? Among the virtues of science are its questioning of traditional ways of doing things and its recognition of what's necessary and sufficient. It's certainly not necessary for an estimated 20 million to 70 million animals to suffer in U.S. labs every year at a cost of billions of wasted dollars.

*Henry Spira
New York City*

Too Many Lawyers?

Shame on Dan Quayle for attacking the legal profession [LAW, Aug. 26]. I am proud to be a lawyer, even if he is not. A citizen without a lawyer has no chance against the legal staffs of the big corporations, the insurance companies, the government. The more lawyers there are, the easier it is for a person to get one.

*Wellborn Jack Jr.
Shreveport, La.*

Your stories on the plethora of lawyers and the interference with medical research by animal activists brought to mind a wonderful suggestion of a few years ago: we should use lawyers instead of laboratory rats for medical research—there are more of them, and you never become emotionally attached to them.

*Roger E. Alexander, M.D.
Dallas*

Professor of Racist Remarks

Not only is Professor Leonard Jeffries guilty of racial and ethnic bigotry; his views of whites as "ice people" and blacks as "sun people" are patently absurd [NA-

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LETTERS

TION, Aug. 26]. As a graduate of City College of New York, where Jeffries is chairman of African-American studies, I am appalled that he could be heir to a tradition of scholarship that demanded the very best thinking from faculty and students alike. When I was at C.C.N.Y., the only color that mattered was the blue on the cover of the exam books.

Peter G. Grey
Longmeadow, Mass.

Your story was predictably representative of the white-supremacist attitudes that masquerade in the media as objective journalism. Like others, you try to deflect attention from your own bigotry by calling Jeffries anti-Semitic and racist. You presented nothing credible to dispute his claims. Instead you reinforced Jeffries' and other blacks' contention that whites continue to distort history through an orgy of self-promotion, appropriation and devaluation of the contributions African people have made to world civilization.

Karen Moses
New York City

Professor Jeffries, or Len, as I knew him, was president of my fraternity, Pi Lambda Phi, at Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., from which he graduated in 1959. Pi Lam was the only Jewish fraternity at Lafayette, and one of only two of the 19 fraternities on campus that willingly accepted blacks then. I guess we made a big mistake when we elected our brother Len president. Little did we know how he really felt about us.

Fred Toback
Columbia, Md.

Jeffries needs to start living in the present and planning for the future. Stirring up more antagonism is no way to help resolve the conflicts between the African-American and white communities. Instead of preaching hate and racism, he should promote love and unity.

Jennifer Borelli
South Portland, Me.

The Church's Obsession with Sex

Each week I open your magazine with a nagging fear that we Christians will have stumbled again by doing something that detracts from our credibility. So it was with relief that I read Richard Brookhiser's thoughtful piece "Of Church Pews and Bedrooms" [ESSAY, Aug. 26]. Thanks for granting that Christians of various theological persuasions can think and that our often repeated fulminations are undergirded by intelligent faith. And for reminding conservative Evangelicals like me that preaching must be accompanied by practical help to enable people to live what we believe.

Jerry Pomeroy
Burbank, Calif.

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LETTERS

The illustration you ran of squabbling clerics nicely points to the missing element in Brookhiser's evaluation of Protestantism's struggle with the issues of sexuality. There are no females in it. The woman of today's church is no longer "traditional." She often works outside the home, claims and celebrates her own sexuality, and sometimes even stands in the pulpit. When the church includes women of obvious power and passion, gender and sex roles must necessarily be re-evaluated.

(The Rev.) Karen Leigh Stroup
Herdon, Va.

Many Christians' problems with sexuality stem from convoluting the story of Jesus Christ. As Son of God and Son of Man, he represents the union of the spirit with the flesh. Some Christians feel they must deny the flesh and the physical in order to be spiritual. It is this separation of the spiritual and physical that causes the conflict. It is unfortunate that these Christians continue to be haunted by the Puritans.

Kenneth J. Bartschi
Hartford

Lessons on Medals

Sharp-eyed readers with military experience found something amiss in the item about and photograph of Colonel Margaret Cammermeyer in our story on gays in the armed forces (NATION, Aug. 19). Wrote Major Gene Cole, U.S.M.C., of Oceanside, Calif.: "You state that Colonel Cammermeyer won the Silver Star, a medal that is given only for courage on the battlefield. However, the highest decoration she is pictured wearing is a Bronze Star." Commented retired Marine Sergeant James H. Gregory of San Diego: "No one 'wins' a medal—you win the lottery. A medal is awarded." Right on both counts. Colonel Cammermeyer was awarded the Bronze Star in 1968 for meritorious service with an evacuation hospital in Vietnam.

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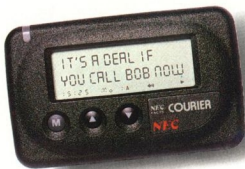
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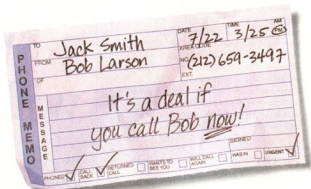
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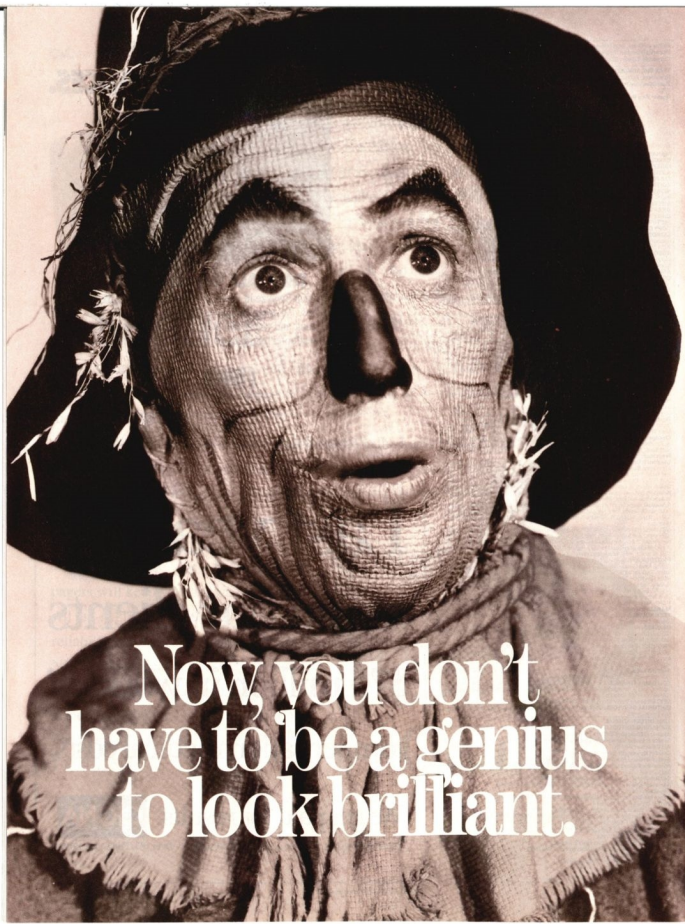
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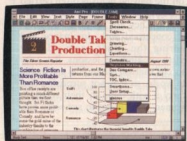


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INTERVIEW

Why Johnny Might Grow Up Violent and Sexist

Social philosopher MYRIAM MIEDZIAN argues that boys are being raised in a culture that discourages nurturing and leads many of them to denigrate and beat women

By DANIEL S. LEVY

Q. Do sports make men cruel?

A. Not all sports, but unfortunately, in this country a lot of sports aimed at the young emphasize competition and winning at any cost. In high school football, boys are often taught to "take out" players from the opposite team. Taking out a player means injuring a player so badly that he can no longer play. I would say that is cruel and entirely inappropriate. There have been studies that indicate that instead of learning sportsmanship and fair play, boys who are involved in competitive sports demonstrate less of these qualities than boys who are not involved.

Q. Aren't you overreacting? I played sports as a kid. I learned positive competitiveness

and camaraderie. What is so wrong with wanting to push our sons and our daughters to excel?

A. I am in no way saying every team is obsessed with winning to a really outrageous degree. I am saying it happens much too often. It sounds like it didn't happen to you. My research reveals it is frequent enough that it is a serious problem.

One problem is that there are coaches who are obsessed with winning. Often parents, particularly fathers, literally push their sons to such a degree that some boys play really badly, because they want to get kicked off the team because they are under so much pressure from their fathers to win.

Parents should become aware that an extreme level of competition is just not good for a seven- or eight-year-old boy.

What I recommend is that parents make sure the coach is not someone who is obsessed with competitiveness. At every level it is important that parents find out what is going on and do something about it. I advocate regulation of youth sports. There are 30 million American children involved in youth sports programs, and there is absolutely no control over who the coaches are or what is going on.

Q. How can you seriously expect more regulation in a period of budget austerity?

A. Anything is possible. We have gone through a period of extreme deregulation, and we are suffering greatly as a result. The fact that regulation isn't fashionable now doesn't tell us anything about five or 10 years from now.

Q. But isn't the inappropriate behavior you speak about isolated to the playing fields?

A. No, not at all. It isn't. What athletes learn on the playing fields is often carried on in the outside world. They learn to win at any cost. They are taught to be enormously concerned with dominance and conquering the other team. Having learned those kinds of lessons, it is very hard to cut that off when you are in the outside world, so it is not surprising that they carry it with them to their relations with women. That is not to say some ath-

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letes don't make a distinction, but many don't.

From the youngest age in Little League, there is often a denigrating attitude toward girls and women. The worst insult a boy can yell at another boy in Little League is to call him a "wuss." If you combine the emphasis on winning at any cost with the negative attitude toward women, it is not at all surprising that approximately one-third of the sexual assaults on college campuses are by athletes.

Q. Isn't the level of sexual assaults just a reflection of better reporting of a phenomenon that has been going on for a long time?

A. I don't think there are any hard statistics on that, but my guess is there has been an increase. There has been an enormous increase in violent crime in this country in the past 30 years. Homicide rates have doubled and continue to soar. There is such a culture of violence now that surrounds young people that I would suspect violent rates in all areas would be going up.

Boys are constantly being subjected to so-called adventure films, which are really nonstop violence films with Arnold Schwarzenegger as the Terminator and Jean-Claude Van Damme doing blood sport, and slasher films in which people are dismembered, burned alive, skinned. By the time American kids are 18 years old



they have watched 26,000 murders on television alone. Heavy-metal and rap lyrics often encourage rape and bigotry. It is contrary to common sense and research to think you can create such a culture and not have any effects.

Q. Recently, several members of the lacrosse team at St. John's University in New York were accused and then found innocent of sexually assaulting a woman. If, as they claim, the woman freely consented, why are their actions still so disturbing?

A. I find it disturbing that these young men want to do this kind of thing—that they think it is fun to have group sex with an inebriated young woman. No one denies that she was drunk. The definition of rape in most states includes having sex with someone who is not in the position to give consent. But even if they thought she was somehow consenting to this, why do they think it is fun to slap her face with their penises?

Why do a bunch of boys in Glen Ridge, N.J., all of them on the high school football team, think it is fun to shove baseball bats and broom handles into the vagina of a retarded girl, a girl with an I.Q. of 64? This isn't sex. It is violence. The Glen Ridge case hasn't been decided yet, but it doesn't real-

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ly matter what is ultimately decided. What bothers me is why they think that is fun.

Q. In your book, *Boys Will Be Boys: Breaking the Link Between Masculinity and Violence*, you argue that parents should be more forceful about insisting that society help rather than hinder them in the overall raising of children.

A. Both parents and educators can start to pressure their schools to introduce conflict-resolution programs so young people from the earliest age can begin to realize that there are alternatives to violent behavior. In these programs, children act out scenarios in which they learn to defuse confrontation; for example, boys might be taught how not using insulting language can help resolve a dispute over the ownership of a basketball. For many boys who go through these programs, violence goes from being a first reaction to a last resort. Parents should also urge schools to conduct child-rearing classes. While schools teach almost every complex skill that people need to know, we omit what is the most important one—how to be a good parent.

Q. Won't child-rearing classes just encourage pregnancies?

A. No. Absolutely not. I recommend that we start teaching the classes in fifth grade at the very latest because girls are getting

pregnant at the age of 12. Once the kids understand what an enormous responsibility it is to be a parent, they don't want to do it anymore. They begin to respect the needs of the child. Another thing these programs do is encourage caring and sensitivity in young boys. They encourage boys to view themselves as future nurturing fathers. There is very little encouragement of nurturant fathering in this society. We have had a 350% increase in births to single mothers in the past 30 years. We have a soaring divorce rate, with half or more divorced fathers not seeing their children. Research reveals that boys raised without caring and involved fathers in the home are at a higher risk for violent, antisocial behavior than those who have such a father.

Q. How do you stop the violence?

A. Children have to be removed from the commercial market and treated as a precious national resource. We have made the mistake of allowing the enculturation of American children to be in the hands of businesspeople, whose primary interest is not in these children's well-being or even in the well-being of the nation. These people are perfectly ready to exploit the worst possible human potentials. Parents, teachers, educators, social workers, should get involved to try to bring some regulation to this.

Many European countries have much more serious restrictions on what movies children can see than we do in the U.S. We have these theoretical restrictions like the R rating. But the R rating is a joke. I went to see slasher films, and the movie theaters were filled with young kids. Some parents bring their children to see slasher films. When I went to see *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 4*, there was a little girl sitting in front of me whom I estimated to be three years old. We need to educate those people to begin to understand what the effects are of viewing these kinds of films.

Q. Toy-store aisles now look like mini-arsenals. Do you want to control that too?

A. Yes, and that is also done in some of the European countries.

Q. But that violates a youngster's right to buy whatever toy he wants.

A. No, it doesn't. Does the fact that a 12-year-old can't go into a bar and order a scotch on the rocks, does that violate his or her rights? It is the same thing. We have a history of regulations for the protection of children. A 15-year-old boy cannot buy the same girlie magazines that his father can buy. There are laws to protect children from alcohol. There are laws to protect children from working at an early age.

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Q. But a G.I. Joe toy is not an issue of Play-boy. Kids have always played with such toys, and who are you to tell parents what their kids can play with? That violates the parents' right to let their child grow up the way they see fit.

A. But then aren't we violating parents' rights when we don't allow their children to go into an X-rated theater and see pornography?

Q. One is pornography, the other the right of parents to buy their child a toy.

A. We have a complete double standard in this country with respect to sex and violence. Why is it that on a Saturday morning it would be unthinkable to put a porno movie on regular network TV, yet it is O.K. to put on a show in which 87 people are killed an hour? Isn't killing people at least as inappropriate for a young child to see?

Viewing this endless violence encourages violent behavior. We let our kids watch this stuff, and then we are surprised that we have the highest violence rates of any industrialized country. We talk a lot about freedom, but what kind of freedom is it when a child's worst potential is being encouraged by people who are interested in making money? Where is the freedom of a boy who has watched endless slasher films and goes out and commits acts of rape or other violent acts?

Parents should do everything to protect their boys from these films, but they are being put in an unfair position. It is completely unrealistic to expect parents to constantly monitor everything their child is watching. But parents do have some options. They can install lock boxes on their TVs, which allow them to program their sets so they can control what their children can watch. Parents also should be writing letters to their member of Congress, asking for the creation of a children's public television network dedicated to prosocial, nonviolent programming. This is not to say I have in mind goody-goody, boring programming. You can have entertaining, interesting programming that doesn't have to be filled with gratuitous violence.

Q. How do you turn the Sylvester Stallone into Gandhis?

A. You have to redefine masculinity. We have to begin to encourage boys from the youngest age to be empathetic, to get in touch with their own feelings, to tell them they can be nurturing and masculine at the same time.

Q. As a mother of two girls, why did you write this book about boys?

A. The book focuses on boys for the very simple reason that approximately 89% of

violent crimes in the U.S. are committed by males. If you are trying to deal with the problem, you deal with those who are at the center of the problem.

Otherwise, I was drawn to this topic in part because I am a Holocaust survivor. I was three years old when the Second World War started. I was born in Belgium and was forced to leave a very peaceful environment. My family and I became refugees, sleeping in schoolyards and running from bombs.

When my father turned 80, he sat down and counted how many of his relatives had been killed in the Holocaust. The number totaled 135 people. I think my ability to see that masculinity does not have to equal violence comes out of having grown up with a father for whom the values of the masculine mystique meant cocksacks raping the women and looting the homes. It meant Nazis gassing his family. Because I grew up with a role model for whom violence was not at all a fun and exciting thing, it was clear to me that there is no necessary connection between masculinity and violence. This is a very different angle from which many women might arrive at this subject, because it is from my own positive experiences that I know that a man can be strong, determined, courageous and adventurous without being violent. ■

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RECENT STUDIES REVEAL NEW FINDINGS ABOUT BETA CAROTENE AND VITAMINS C AND E.

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Among the studies currently being conducted throughout the world are a number relating to the ability of Beta Carotene,

Vitamin C, Vitamin E, and other substances, to protect against heart disease and cancer. Early positive findings are leading to further research.

For example, several studies recently reviewed in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* showed a relationship between low intakes of Beta Carotene, Vitamin C and Vitamin E, and a higher incidence of cancer. Other studies showed similar results with Vitamin E and heart disease, plus indication that Vitamin C lowers cardiovascular risk factors.

And, in a recent study at Johns Hopkins University there were about 50% fewer heart disease cases in a group of people

with the highest levels of Beta Carotene, compared to the group with the lowest levels.

It may be years before final scientific answers to these complex problems are available. But meanwhile the prudent course is to follow the Surgeon General's dietary advice. Eat a balanced, varied diet including fruits and vegetables rich in Beta Carotene and Vitamin C. Add some seeds, seed oils, nuts and wheat germ for Vitamin E. Reduce your overall fat intake, eat less salt, don't smoke, do have yearly medical checkups and exercise reasonably.

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GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO / Reported by Sidney Urquhart

YOU SURE HE'S 1,000% BEHIND ME?

Influential supporters of **ROBERT GATES** complain that the White House is bungling his confirmation as Director of Central Intelligence. Instead of putting experienced handlers in charge, as was done with Judge Clarence Thomas, Bush waited until last month to assign the task to Andrew Card, a Sununu deputy with little congressional savvy. Already facing opposition in the Senate, Gates, whose confirmation hearings begin next week, will find the going even tougher as questions about the agency's role in Iran-*contra* continue to nag.

O.K., O.K., I ACCEPT

While Al Gore, Mario Cuomo and other big-name Democrats continue to shy away from the presidential race, lesser-known hopefuls are trotting forward. Now seriously considering a run: Democratic Senator **MAX BAUCUS** of Montana. A plainspoken moderate, Baucus knows he is a longshot against Bush (who isn't?). But Baucus feels that winning the nomination would at least give him the chance to position himself for 1996.

JAMES MADISON: CALL YOUR AGENT

Who's the hottest author in Moscow? Right now, freshly minted democrats there are eagerly devouring the works of a guy named Publius. James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay adopted that pseudonym back in 1787 when they wrote the 85 essays known as *The Federalist*. Muscovites are asking the American embassy for Russian-language copies of the essays. Their favorite part: Madison's eloquent description of the proper way to balance local autonomy with central authority. Two hundred years ago, his reasoned arguments helped persuade the states to ratify the U.S. Constitution.

BORIS AND NATASHA: CALL HOME

With the KGB undergoing intensive *glasnost* therapy, some American officials were expecting a windfall of revelations about corruption and betrayal from disillusioned KGB operatives stranded in the U.S. Guess again. Instead of defecting or cooking up tell-all book proposals, the Soviet spymasters go on meeting pigeons on shadowy corners and scheming to pry U.S. secrets out of American diplomats and military personnel. Until they know who's running things back home, says a senior U.S. official, the secret agents seem determined to go on "doing their thing, just like they always have."



Robert Gates: next up at bat

VOX POP

Do you think it is possible that Elvis Presley is alive?

Yes	16%
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Bottom Line. The Coppertone girl and her pup in downtown Miami are sending the wrong signal in these solar-phobic times, says the manufacturer.



Rubber Soul. Detroit's 80-ft. tire began life as a Ferris wheel and was nearly removed in the mid-1980s. But civic pride has preserved Uniroyal's humongous hoop.

Massachusetts Miracle. The Boston Landmarks Commission stepped in to save Citgo's early example of computer-controlled neon.





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A close-up, high-contrast portrait of Clarence Thomas, looking slightly to the right. He is wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a red tie with a small floral pattern. The background is dark and out of focus, with some warm light on the right side.

Nation

TIME/SEPTEMBER 16, 1991

RACE

The Pain Of Being Black

The other side of Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas' inspiring climb out of poverty was the price he paid for success

By JACK E. WHITE

I have a lot in common with Clarence Thomas. Like his grandfather, mine was a hero.

Born a slave in 1856, my grandfather was a farmer who loved learning. Despite poverty and racial oppression so harsh it seems almost unimaginable today, he found a way for his 16 children to get an education. After he died in 1933, my grandmother and the older children worked together to send the younger ones to college and professional schools. My dad, the baby of the family, graduated from Howard University's medical school. He went on to found the country's first black-run cancer-research center and publish ground-breaking studies about the disease's impact on black Americans. He died three years ago, leaving my mother, my three sisters (an interior designer, a veterinarian, a physician), my brother (a teacher) and me, the first black senior editor at TIME.

As proud as I am of my family's achievements, I know there is nothing unique—or even uncommon—about the strides we've made. You don't have to delve far into the history of any successful black American to find someone like my grandfather. Someone, that is, like Clarence Thomas' grandfather, Myers Anderson, who raised him from the age of seven, sent him to Catholic school and taught him that hard work and self-reliance could overcome any obstacle discrimination might put in his way—if he was willing to pay the price.

This week the Senate will start hearings on Thomas' nomination to fill Thurgood Marshall's seat on the Supreme Court. Inside and outside the hearing room, Thomas' life story and its meaning will emerge as major themes of the debate. Civil rights groups and Democratic liberals are sharply divided over the nomination. Some organizations, like the National Urban League, that would fiercely oppose a white appointee who shared Thomas' harsh opposition to affirmative action and skepticism about racial integration have declined to join a campaign to defeat his elevation to the high court.

Thomas' biography—he pulled himself up by his bootstraps from dirt-poor Pin Point, Ga., to Yale Law School and the federal bench—has inoculated him against criticism of his record: it would seem churlish and hypocritical to attack this black Horatio Alger figure for being insufficiently sensitive to the plight of impoverished blacks. Though he may endure some tough questioning about his two terms as chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission under Ronald Reagan—and some name calling from blacks who consider him an Uncle Tom because of his conservative views—Thomas is all but certain to be approved.

But while there may be little doubt about the outcome of the hearings, probing Thomas' life will serve a useful purpose by shedding light on a little-examined phenomenon: the high psychological price some blacks have paid for the progress they have made over the past two generations. Thomas' rise is an inspiring example of the way many blacks have improved their lot. But that is the only part of his story that his backers care to talk about. They downplay the possibility that Thomas' life may be a case study of the wrenching impact of "integration shock"—author Shelby Steele's name for the intense feelings of racial inferiority and self-doubt that can assault and sometimes overwhelm blacks who, like Thomas, were suddenly taken from their familiar surroundings and plunged into a previously all-white and not always welcoming world.

Psychiatrists have identified a variety of disorientations blacks can suffer as a result of such immersions. Depending on the individual, the symptoms can range from an angry repudiation of whites to an emotional identification with whites so complete that victims undergo what University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire professor Ronald Hall describes as a "bleaching syndrome," in which they deny any connection with blacks.

One increasingly common disorder is known as the Token Black Syndrome. According to Price Cobbs, co-author of *Black Rage*, TBS often afflicts blacks who were the first of their families to graduate from college or land a high-paying job. TBS has become more widespread in recent years, as a white backlash against affirmative action has swept across the nation. On campuses and in the workplace, the prevailing view is that blacks are not required—and are unable—to meet the same standards for admission and promotion as whites.

In the face of such assaults, says psychiatrist Alvin Poussaint, vulnerable blacks can unconsciously accept the negative images attributed to their race, then scurry to distance themselves from those images by words or deeds. Denying that luck, family support and other factors, including affirmative action, may have helped them, TBS victims can themselves into believing they have made it solely because they are exceptionally gifted individuals who are innately superior to less fortunate members of their race. They often exhibit disdain for poor blacks, especially those who are on welfare or have given birth to a child out of wedlock. They believe if more blacks were "like me"—intelligent instead of stupid, hard working instead of lazy, educated instead of ignorant, morally upright instead of slatternly—racial progress would be assured.

Denigrating the people they left behind is not exceptional among high achievers from any ethnic group. But for blacks the problem is compounded because they belong to what Steele calls "the most despised race in the human community of

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racism." Bombarded from infancy with signals of their inferiority from both whites and blacks, black children all too often incorporate negative racial stereotypes into their own self-images. The result can be crippling self-hatred.

Recent research confirms that anti-black stereotypes remain pervasive among African Americans. In a 1990 survey of racial attitudes by the National Opinion Re-

search Center, for example, 30% of the blacks questioned agreed that members of their race were less intelligent than whites; 57% of whites held the same view.

Racially disparaging attitudes remain endemic, even among highly educated and successful African Americans. Gloria Johnson-Powell, a black psychiatrist at Harvard, cites a study from the early 1980s of psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers that found that in several areas, including sexuality, black professionals held more stereotypical negative views of black behavior than their white counterparts. "Some African American professionals look down their nose at an-

other African American who is a 'shame to the race,'" says Johnson-Powell. "They swallow the stereotypes and often will be harder on African Americans than whites will be."

I know from personal experience how difficult it can be for a black in a predominantly white environment to keep things in perspective. Even the most self-confident blacks cannot escape the fear that their

and certainly no journalist is qualified to do so. Moreover, many of the nation's leading black thinkers are expressing growing doubts about the ability of affirmative action to help the underclass.

But even if Thomas emerged emotionally unscathed—or even stronger—from the experiences, his recollections make clear that he was subjected to an especially searing version of the psychological pressures that have destroyed many other blacks:

► Growing up in the 1950s, Thomas was dubbed A.B.C.—short for America's Blackest Child—by some blacks in Savannah. It was the most disparaging nickname a dark-skinned boy could have had in those days before blacks discovered they were beautiful.

► As the only black student in his class at Savannah's St. John Vianney Minor Seminary, a Catholic boarding school, Thomas was the subject of cruel racial taunts. "Smile, Clarence, so we can see you," a white classmate yelled after lights out. In a long series of interviews with Washington Post journalist Juan Williams, Thomas acknowledged going through a period of "self-hate," during which he tried to fit in by avoiding every form of stereotypically black behavior. But his effort failed and left him with the conviction there is nothing a black can do to be accepted by whites.

► In 1968 Thomas dropped out of Missouri's Immaculate Conception Seminary after only eight months of studying for the Catholic priesthood. The reason: as word spread that Martin Luther King Jr. had been shot, Thomas overheard a white seminarian say, "Good, I hope the son of a bitch dies."

A remarkably self-contained man, Thomas has rarely spoken publicly about the pain he must have felt during those years or expressed anger at the treatment he received. But his experiences must have been a factor in his well-documented attempts over the years to distance himself from racial issues. At law school, he avoided classes on civil rights, concentrating instead on corporate issues. After graduation, he turned down bids from firms that offered to let him do pro bono work for good causes, accepting a position in the Missouri state attorney general's office, where he handled revenue and tax cases. He initially resisted when the Reagan Administration offered to name him the Department of Education's Assistant Secretary for Civil Rights. And he became more and more critical of blacks who accepted welfare, which he regards as a "sugar-coated" form of slavery.

Thomas' friends insist that he is a well-balanced individual with a lively sense of humor, strong self-esteem and an inquiring mind. Moreover, they say, Thomas does not fall into the category of "OpporTOMist"—psychiatrist Pous-



Man in the middle: after his nomination Thomas was hailed by Republican Senators; at St. John Vianney Minor Seminary in Savannah he endured racial taunts from white schoolmates

work is being evaluated by a different yardstick than the one used to measure work done by whites. Worst of all is the feeling that you are participating in an unfair experiment, in which the reputation of the entire race is riding on your performance: if you succeed, you are judged an exception; if you fail, well, what did anyone expect from a black?

None of which means that Thomas or any other black who disagrees with racial preferences and hiring quotas is suffering from a mental disorder. No responsible therapist would make such a diagnosis without extensive personal contact with a patient,

saint's conflation of the terms opportunist and Uncle Tom to describe blacks who donned conservative mantles to get ahead in a right-wing Republican regime. "There is no self-hatred there," says Harry Singleton, a black Washington attorney who has known Thomas since their first day at Yale Law School.

Thomas' conservative views of public policy, friends say, evolved during a long intellectual quest that built upon the self-reliance imparted by his grandfather and a deep streak of independence. His antipathy to welfare, for example, may spring from a childhood trip to visit relatives who lived on welfare in a northern public-housing project. After the visit, his grandfather exclaimed, "Damn that welfare, that relief! Man ain't got no business on relief as long as he can work!"

Even during the racially turbulent 1960s, Thomas was never as much of a radical as some earlier reports suggested. As a student at Holy Cross College, Thomas was the only member of the black-student association to vote against setting up a predominantly black corridor in a dormitory. Later he moved into the corridor—but with a white roommate.

Until his nomination in July, Thomas was a little-known figure among his fellow blacks. Since then, many have sought reassurance that despite Thomas' loyal service in the Reagan Administration, which most blacks considered reflexively hostile to their interests, he has not turned his back on his race. Thomas' public comments and private talks with civil rights leaders have convinced some of them he is "a brother"

Even if Thomas emerged emotionally unscathed — or even stronger — from the experiences, his recollections make clear that he was subjected to an especially searing version of the psychological pressures that have destroyed many other blacks.

who understands the damage racism can do. But for many others, anguished doubts remain.

In 1980, at a meeting of black conservatives in San Francisco, Thomas cited his sister Emma Martin as a prime example of everything that is wrong with liberal welfare programs. "She gets mad when the mailman is late with her welfare check, that's how dependent she is," said Thomas. "What's worse is that now her kids feel entitled to the check too. They have no motivation for doing better or getting out of that situation."

Thomas' version of his sister's plight was seriously distorted. In fact, she was

not getting welfare checks when he singled her out but working double shifts at a nursing home for slightly more than \$2 an hour. Over the years, she has been forced from time to time to accept public assistance—once after she walked out of a troubled marriage and most recently to care for an ailing aunt. But even while on welfare, Martin continued to work part time, picking crab meat at a factory near her home. She eventually weaned herself from the dole entirely by taking on two low-paying jobs. When asked how she feels about her brother's attempt to portray her as a welfare queen, Martin replies with a shrug. She comes across as a far too gentle and forgiving person to hold a grudge.

My grandfather would not have understood two aspects of Thomas' conduct during that episode: one is that he publicly humiliated his sister to make a political point; the other is that he never offered to help her during her hard times.

The incident raises questions the Senate should explore as it weighs Thomas' fitness for the nation's highest court: How wide is the gap between what Thomas preaches about self-help and what he practices? Did his encounters with prejudice forge him into a compassionate role model for those striving to overcome their circumstances? Or did those experiences scar him so badly he has nothing left to offer them but empty platitudes? Until we know the answers, the qualms about Thomas will not fade away.

—Reported by *Melissa Ludtke/Boston* and *Don Winbush/Savannah*

Not-So-Hidden Persuaders

Washington-area television viewers were startled last week to see three familiar senatorial faces pop up on their screens above the words who WILL JUDGE THE JUDGE? The follow-up question—"How many of these liberal Democrats could themselves pass ethical scrutiny?"—was hardly necessary, since the faces were those of Edward Kennedy, Joseph Biden and Alan Cranston, all scarred veterans of highly publicized scandals, from Chappaquiddick to plagiarized speeches to the Keating Five.

The ad, produced by two independent right-wing groups, was intended to bolster Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas' confirmation chances by pointing the finger at three liberal Democrats who seemed likely to oppose him. Not coincidentally, the ad was produced by the same people who launched the 1988 Willie Horton spot that branded Michael Dukakis soft on crime but left George Bush open to charges of racism. Anxious not to be associated with such negative campaigning this time around, Bush quickly labeled the attacks on the Senators "counterproductive." Thomas

pronounced them "vicious." His chief Senate supporter, Missouri Republican John Danforth, called them "sleazy" and "scurrilous."

Although Bush and chief of staff John Sununu demanded that the ads be pulled, their right-wing sponsors—L. Brent Bozell III, chairman of the Conservative Victory Committee, and Floyd Brown, chairman of Citizens United—refused. Calling the campaign a "pre-emptive strike" to counter anticipated anti-Thomas commercials, as well as retaliation for the 1987 spots that helped defeat Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork, they vowed to keep running the messages for at least two weeks "until the left agrees to discontinue all its efforts against Judge Thomas." Thus far, that has been a mostly futile effort at best, but Brown and Bozell appeared to see the flag of revolution rising above it. "Unfortunately," the two men declared in a written statement, "the Administration has no desire to confront the radical left."

The commercials, shown only in Washington at a cost of about \$100,000, have reaped millions of dollars' worth of free publicity through network television and print-media reproductions that have accompanied news stories about the flap. That probably was the intent all along.



Attacking liberals to boost Thomas



Criminal negligence? After the fire that left 25 dead, rescue workers take the body of a victim from the Imperial Food Products plant

ACCIDENTS

Death on The Shop Floor

A murderous fire in a North Carolina poultry plant underscores the dangers of America's workplaces

By RICHARD LACAYO

Nobody who worked at the Imperial Food Products plant in Hamlet, N.C., had much love for the place. The job—cooking, weighing and packing fried chicken parts for fast-food restaurants—was hot, greasy and poorly paid. The conveyor belts moved briskly, and the few rest breaks were so strictly timed that going to the bathroom at the wrong moment could lead to dismissal. But in the sleepy town of 6,200 there was not much else in the way of work. So most of the plant's 200 employees, predominantly black and female, were thankful just to have the minimum-wage job. Until last week, that is.

The morning shift had just started when an overhead hydraulic line ruptured, spilling its volatile fluid onto the floor. Gas burners under the frying vats ignited the vapors and turned the 30,000-sq.-ft. plant into an inferno of flame and thick, yellow smoke. Panicked employees rushed for emergency exits only to find several of them locked. "I thought I was gone, until a man broke the lock off," says Letha Terry, one of the survivors. Twenty-five of Terry's



MEAT PACKING

Faster assembly lines and repetitive motion required for some tasks cause injuries and chronic pain

fellow employees were not so lucky. Their bodies were found clustered around the blocked doorways or trapped in the freezer, where the workers had fled in vain from the fire's heat and smoke.

The disaster brought to light the mostly invisible body count of the American workplace. By some estimates, more than 10,000 workers die each year from on-the-job injuries—about 30 every day. Perhaps 70,000 more are permanently disabled. The fire also exposed the weakness of measures for ensuring job safety. The 11-year-old Imperial Food Products plant had never been inspected. Like a lot of American workplaces, it fell through the gaping cracks of a system in which there are too few inspectors, penalties are mostly trifling, and the procedures for reporting dangerous conditions can leave workers to choose between risking their jobs and risking their lives.

"The tragedy that occurred in Hamlet is the direct result of 10 years of the Reagan-Bush philosophy of letting industry police itself," says Deborah E. Berkowitz, top

safety expert for the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union. "There's a USDA inspector in every poultry plant to protect consumers from getting a stomachache, but there's nobody protecting people from getting killed."

By almost every measure, America's regulatory safeguards have grown threadbare. At the top of the frayed system is the 21-year-old Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the federal body that attempts to oversee the nation's 6 million workplaces with just 1,200 inspectors—down from a high of 1,388 in 1980. A strained operation at best, OSHA was stretched to the breaking point by Ronald Reagan, who came to office persuaded that businesses should police themselves. Under him, OSHA's budget fell one-fourth.

OSHA has begun a turnaround under Gerard G. Scannell, a former safety chief at Johnson & Johnson who was chosen to head the agency in 1989. After years in which it rarely issued safety guidelines, OSHA has begun adopting them wholesale—though critics complain it too often

approves rules drawn up by the industries it is supposed to supervise. Scannell has also brought eye-catching fines against offenders, including \$3.5 million against Arco Chemical and a record \$4 million against Phillips Petroleum, after giant explosions at their plants left 40 dead. The agency "is more effective today than it has been in any time in its history," insists Alan McMillan, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Labor for occupational safety and health.

But OSHA still lacks the clout to protect most American workers. By one important measure, the jobsite is safer: work-related fatalities have dropped from 12,500 ten years ago to 10,500 last year. But that is partly because there are fewer jobs these days in some of the most lethal industries, including steel, shipbuilding and logging. Meanwhile, job-related illnesses and crippling injuries are on the increase. "The walking wounded are a part of the cost of

nizers get the kind of welcome that used to greet Freedom Riders.

The merger-and-acquisition craze of the past decade also led to imprudent cost cutting. The elimination of relief crews, forced overtime and deferred (meaning neglected) maintenance have resulted in tired workers and worn equipment—a deadly combination. There are great dangers in industries like oil and petrochemicals, where subcontracting has become a common money-saving move. Barely trained newcomers, many of them aliens with an imperfect grasp of English, are put at the controls of dangerous machinery, with predictable results. In Texas six major explosions at chemical plants and refineries have killed 47 workers in the past five years and injured 1,000 more. Subcontract employees were believed to have been at fault in two, the blasts at Arco and Phillips.

The hazards of poultry factories are

try processing has the advantage of a docile work force. Not only is the complaint process an intimidating bureaucratic tangle, but the plant workers are often poorly paid and uneducated women. Anxious to keep their jobs—despite an average industry wage of just \$5.50 an hour—they are unlikely to make waves. Many of the 25 who died in last week's fire were so poor that the Textile Workers Union sent dresses and men's suits to Hamlet for use as burial clothes.

This fall Congress will hold hearings on a bill designed to toughen the regulatory system. Sponsored in the House by Michigan Democrat William Ford, the bill would require any company with more than 11 employees to set up a worker-management safety committee empowered to enforce jobsite safety rules. "Then there's no reason for an inspector to show up to unlock a door," says Franklin Mirer, safety director



LOGGING With scores of serious accidents yearly, this is one of the nation's most lethal industries



PETROCHEMICALS Increased use of poorly trained subcontractors has led to deaths

doing business," says Bruce Raynor of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union.

Twenty-three states have devised their own regulatory schemes, which exempt them from federal scrutiny, but the results have been mixed. North Carolina, where the Hamlet fire took place, has one of the worst systems. Under federal guidelines, the state should have 116 inspectors. Instead it has just 27 to oversee 163,053 employers. Last week the *Charlotte Observer* reported that in 1990 inspections declined 35% from the previous year and the state returned \$453,000 in unspent federal money that could have been used to perform more inspections.

Changes in the American economy have left employees more vulnerable, especially the ones in unskilled blue-collar jobs. Labor unions, which can step in to remedy unsafe conditions, now represent just 18% of the work force. Some of the most injury-prone industries, like food processing and textiles, have clustered in right-to-work states across the South, where labor orga-

nizations get the kind of welcome that used to greet Freedom Riders. The merger-and-acquisition craze of the past decade also led to imprudent cost cutting. The elimination of relief crews, forced overtime and deferred (meaning neglected) maintenance have resulted in tired workers and worn equipment—a deadly combination. There are great dangers in industries like oil and petrochemicals, where subcontracting has become a common money-saving move. Barely trained newcomers, many of them aliens with an imperfect grasp of English, are put at the controls of dangerous machinery, with predictable results. In Texas six major explosions at chemical plants and refineries have killed 47 workers in the past five years and injured 1,000 more. Subcontract employees were believed to have been at fault in two, the blasts at Arco and Phillips.

In addition to severe cuts, the most common problems are the chronic disabilities that go under the heading of repetitive-motion trauma. Line workers, who gut, clean and divide hundreds of birds each day, typically perform the same movement from 60 to 90 times a minute, thousands of times a day. When the human body is pressed to imitate the tireless actions of a machine, it revolts. The result is chronic tendinitis and carpal-tunnel syndrome, a painful condition of the wrists and forearms that can leave a worker virtually crippled even after corrective surgery.

Like many dangerous industries, poul-

try processing has the advantage of a docile work force. Not only is the complaint process an intimidating bureaucratic tangle, but the plant workers are often poorly paid and uneducated women. Anxious to keep their jobs—despite an average industry wage of just \$5.50 an hour—they are unlikely to make waves. Many of the 25 who died in last week's fire were so poor that the Textile Workers Union sent dresses and men's suits to Hamlet for use as burial clothes.

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Labor organizers and workers' rights groups are calling for stronger measures. Some want an independent investigative body, like the National Transportation Safety Board, with the power to examine accident sites and set in motion industry-wide changes to save lives in the future. Another proposal in the Ford bill is more to their liking. It would make it easier for OSHA to bring criminal charges against individual employers who are repeat offenders. "Everyone knows that the subway worker who killed five people in New York was indicted for murder," says Joseph A. Kinney, executive director of National Safe Workplace Institute in Chicago. "When are we going to be asking for indictments against the owners of Imperial Food?"

And why not? When the recklessness of employers becomes lethal, perhaps it is time to call it a crime—and act accordingly.

—With reporting by Joe Kane/Atlanta and Elaine Shannon/Washington

FUGITIVES

An Act of Forgiveness

A murder went unsolved for 45 years—but with the mystery cleared up, the time for punishment had passed

By NANCY GIBBS

And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison... And his chains fell off from his hands.

—Acts 12:7

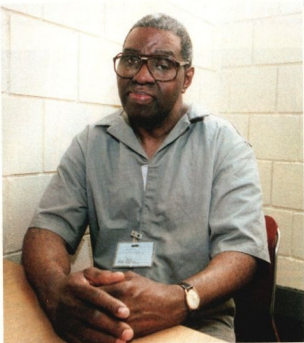
It was no secret that Leroy ("Fats") Strachan killed Officer John Milledge. Witnesses saw some boys trying to sneak into Dorsey Park to watch a football game, saw Officer Milledge try to stop them, saw Strachan waving a rifle around, heard the shot, saw Milledge fall with a bullet in his throat. And when Leroy bolted, people in the Overtown ghetto knew where he went: to New York City, where his father lived, and where the Miami police might not bother to follow.

More than 40 years later, they followed. One day in February 1990, Strachan left the building where he worked as an elevator operator. He knew that the police would be waiting. His relatives in Miami had called to warn him that detectives had come around asking about his whereabouts, after they got a tip that Milledge's killer was alive and living in New York. "He was a perfect gentleman," recalls Detective George Cadavid, who helped make the arrest, "but that doesn't excuse him from the fact that he killed a policeman." Police took Strachan to the Manhattan jail that is known as the Tombs. The nickname is an understatement. If he survived the jail's daily brawls and stabings, and was extradited to Florida on charges of first-degree murder, he could face the electric chair.

The news of his arrest shocked neighbors on 120th Street in Harlem. It surprised employees at 200 Varick Street, where Strachan had worked for 20 years. It stunned the choir at the Greater Refuge Temple, where he sang bass-baritone. "We said, 'That's not the Leroy Strachan we know—he wouldn't hurt a fly,'" says elder Charles Wright. "He's not the sneaky, runaway kind of guy." Then there were Leroy's children, who had no idea that for 45 years, their father had lived with a secret that finally caught up with him. Perhaps it was poet-

ic justice that one of his three sons works as a prison guard.

The irony is that in 1946, when the crime occurred, it was not investigated quite so vigorously. Miami was a different town back then. John Milledge was one of the first black officers on the police force, but he was only allowed to patrol in black areas, could only question and arrest black suspects. When he was shot, the rest of the police force searched the neighborhood,



Waiting in the Tombs

Strachan spent 19 months in jail praying and ministering to some of the city's toughest criminals

asked questions, but eventually the trail went cold. Some people say that for all these years, most folks over a certain age in Overtown knew where Strachan was. But the police never found out.

The silence was broken two years ago, when the police got a tip from a caller who had been watching the television show *Crime Stoppers*. She said that on the night of the shooting, she saw Leroy run by her house with a rifle. Her boyfriend, later to become her husband, was a friend of Leroy's and made her swear never to tell. After he died, she had a change of heart. Perhaps it was her guilty conscience at remaining silent for so long. Perhaps it was the \$1,000 reward. In any event, her infor-

mation thawed out the Milledge file, and in six months detectives from the cold-cases squad tracked Leroy down. He wasn't exactly hiding; he hadn't even changed his name.

Most people who followed the case were not eager to see a 63-year-old man, with a loving family and an aura of grace about him, spend his last days in jail. Though Strachan confessed to the shooting after his arrest, Florida prosecutors were willing to work out a deal that would have allowed him to go free. Even one of Milledge's surviving relatives, a great-great-grandniece, said he should not be imprisoned. "He lived a Christian, decent life," says Pauline Brown. "He sent money to his family. He made something out of himself. He didn't get into any trouble after all these years." All she wanted, she said, was "to shake his hand and hear him say he's sorry."

But this time, Miami police were not about to let the case go. In a city of devouring violence, where policing is so lethal a job, the idea that a cop killer should escape punishment angered the force. A new police chief, Calvin Ross, pressed for extradition, saying that to let Strachan go would "send the wrong message." It didn't matter that it might have been hard to prove manslaughter, much less murder, in a case that was nearly a half-century old.

The extradition negotiations dragged on for more than a year. During that time, Strachan was the oldest inmate in the Tombs. He used his \$5 weekly earnings to buy Spanish newspapers for other inmates, who called him "Pops." Strachan's lawyers, William Kunstler and Ron Kuby, fought the case through the courts. "We took the position that in light of the fact that 45 years had gone by, during which Leroy lived openly and publicly,

he wasn't a fugitive," says Kuby. Finally last week, Florida officials agreed to a deal: Strachan would plead down to manslaughter, in exchange for a one-year prison term and probation. The 19 months he spent in jail in New York mean that he has already served his time.

In the end, the courts realized that even if Leroy was once a killer, he had become what he pretended to be his whole adult life: a model citizen. He paid his debt to society without society ever even presenting the bill. And so, this week, he will walk out of jail for the first time in two years and be a free man for the first time since a November night 45 years ago. —Reported by Cathy Booth/Miami and Tom Curry/New York

AMERICAN NOTES

FOREIGN POLICY

We'll Get Back to You

In a rare political setback for Israel, top congressional leaders announced last week that they would delay action on an "urgent" request that Washington guarantee \$10 billion in loans from Western banks to provide housing and services for the 1 million Soviet émigrés who are expected to resettle in the Jewish state. This would be in addition to the \$3 billion in U.S. economic and military aid already extended this year.

The Bush Administration earlier provided \$400 million in

housing guarantees on the strict condition that the funds not be used to build new settlements in the occupied territories. Israel continued to build the settlements with non-U.S. funds, an action that irritated top Administration officials.

Leading lawmakers agreed with Secretary of State James Baker's argument that immediate action on the loan guarantees would anger Israel's Arab neighbors and endanger the October Middle East peace conference. Defying the Administration's request for a 120-day delay, however, Jewish lobbying groups and some of their allies on Capitol Hill vowed to push for quick congressional approval.



■ Settlers in the West Bank: the U.S. wants to stop the building boom

CRIME

Nothing to Cheer About

Wanda Webb Holloway may be the ultimate stage mother. Last week a Houston jury found the 37-year-old suburban housewife guilty of concocting a bi-

zarre scheme to assure her daughter Shanna a place on the high school freshman cheerleading squad by killing the mother of her chief rival, Amber Heath. With flawed but cold-blooded logic, Holloway concluded that Amber would be too distraught over her mother's death to compete

against Shanna for the coveted position.

When Holloway approached her former brother-in-law, Terry Harper, to find a professional hit man, Harper informed the police and secretly recorded 45 minutes of conversation in which Holloway planned the crime. On the tapes, she is heard

instructing Harper to "go for it," as she handed over a pair of diamond earrings as a down payment, two days before her arrest. That evidence prompted the jury, after nearly three hours of deliberation, to sentence Holloway to 15 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine for the attempted murder. ■



Will her secrets soon be public?

SCANDALS

Kathy's Home Remedy

Kathy Willets loved her work. But there were some very nervous men in southern Florida last week after Broward County Judge John Frusciano decided

to release her client list. The 33-year-old Tamarac woman claims she treated her nymphomania by sleeping with dozens of strangers—for fees ranging from \$50 to \$150—while her husband Jeffrey, a suspended sheriff's deputy, secretly watched from a bedroom closet and took notes.

Police sources say the notebook contains the names of 50 prominent public officials and business executives—and includes Jeffrey Willets' detailed comments on their sexual performance. The couple also recorded conversations with some of Kathy's customers. Doug Danziger, Fort Lauderdale's conservative vice mayor, who made a name for himself campaigning against vice, resigned in July, after local newspapers reported that his name turned up on the client roster. But he has denied knowing Willets. To save the reputations of their—so far anonymous—clients, lawyers for at least 16 men said they will appeal Frusciano's decision. ■

INVESTIGATIONS

Fingering a Master Spy

Like the Furies of Greek legend, Iran-*contra* independent counsel Lawrence Walsh has been slow but relentless in pursuit of justice. Last week fate caught up with a major figure in the scandal: Clair George, who ran the CIA's covert-action directorate from 1984 to '87. Walsh announced that a federal grand jury had charged George with 10 counts of lying or obstruction during a series of investigations into the Iran-*contra* affair. George allegedly concealed what the CIA knew about illegal aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* and the role of U.S. agents. The indictment increases the political heat on Robert Gates, George's former boss, whose nomination as the next CIA director is awaiting confir-

mation. Nothing in last week's action implicated Gates, but the scandal seems to be moving closer to him. "This indictment merely makes me a pawn in a continuing drama of political exploitation," complained George in an impromptu press conference at his suburban Maryland home. "My conscience is clear." ■



George: "My conscience is clear"

SOVIET UNION

Knell of the Union?

In concert with republic leaders, Gorbachev erects a shaky new central structure and emerges as the Great Coordinator

By JILL SMOLOWE

After four days of pitching their hastily improvised vision of a loosely knit union of sovereign states to wary Soviet legislators, Mikhail Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin tried to sell an equally skeptical audience on the viability of their new enterprise. In an extraordinary live broadcast orchestrated by ABC television that linked U.S. viewers with the Kremlin's St. George's Hall, the Soviet and Russian presidents sought to allay American fears that there would be any backsliding toward communism.

"I think this experiment that was conducted on our soil was a tragedy for our people," said Yeltsin.

"That model has failed," concurred Gorbachev. "I believe that this is a lesson not only for our people, but for all peoples."

Playing up their new partnership, the two leaders smiled and quipped before the cameras, alternately deferring to each other. But as they fielded American viewers' questions, the underlying tension in their respective agendas was palpable. While Gorbachev repeatedly stressed the need for "cooperation" between the republics and for a new central order, Yeltsin preferred to press the interests of his Russian state.

What, then, to make of the legislative spectacle in Moscow last week during which a re-energized Gorbachev delivered the coup de grace to the mortally wounded carcass of communism? Working in concert with Yeltsin and the leaders of nine other republics, Gorbachev rammed through laws that both eradicated the final

traces of authoritarianism and erected a shaky central structure to guide the republics toward confederation. After four days of acrimonious wrangling, the Congress of People's Deputies endorsed by a vote of 1,682 to 43 a sketchy transitional government that establishes an executive State Council and two subordinate bodies, a reconstructed parliament and an Inter-Republican Economic Committee. In tandem, and largely at the sufferance of the increasingly restless republics, the task of these organs will be twofold: to provide the glue that maintains some semblance of unity and to convince the world that there is still *a there* in Moscow with which to deal.

While the overwhelming vote gave the impression of slowing the Soviet free fall precipitated by the Aug. 19 coup, the newly created bodies were ill defined and presented only a stopgap solution. It was impossible to predict how much of a counterforce they would exert against the centrifugal strains unleashed by the Big Bang of the failed coup. As it was, the first act of the State Council, a body made up of Gorbachev and the top officials of 10 republics, was to grant independence to the three Baltic republics. The move, which a mere month ago would have dazzled the world, last week seemed belated and inevitable, coming four days after the U.S. had extended formal recognition to Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and scores of other nations had already done the same.

At best, the transitional government can buy time as the splintering Soviet Union struggles to enact sweeping free-market reforms that must be centrally coordinated if the republics hope to bring their bankrupt economies into the 20th

century. The rump authority can also try to write a new constitution and serve to persuade an international community that progress is being made on such crucial matters as the upholding of treaty obligations, nuclear disarmament and economic reform. "Let me tell you, the West is watching," Gorbachev warned the Congress last week. "If we are able to coordinate, unite within new forms, find new structures, the West will support us."

But will these republics, most of them freshly sovereign by self-proclamation, be able to unite in common cause now that the boot of the coercive state has been lifted? Last week's hard-won consensus left more questions than it answered. Who, for instance, will wield the greater influence within the State Council: Gorbachev or the republic leaders? Will there continue to be a need for a confederative President? Or constitution? Most important, how effectively will this new center check the disintegration of the union, and for how long can it hold? Voices of caution that proved prescient in the recent past sounded new alarms. Warned former Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze: "The struggle between the democrats and the reactionaries is not over."

That much was in evidence early last week as members of the highest legislative body in the land descended on Moscow for an emergency session. In reformist corridors, there were loud warnings of a pending "constitutional putch" in which conservatives would rout Gorbachev from his presidency. But in one of those unpredict-

The Soviet and Russian presidents remain in lockstep through a momentous week

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

■ **STATE COUNCIL:** the executive panel of Gorbachev and the leaders of the 10 participating republics. This pre-eminent body will deal with foreign and military affairs, law enforcement and national security.

■ **SUPREME SOVIET:** a revamped two-chamber parliament. In the Council of the Republics, each

republic will seat 20 to 52 Deputies, but each republic will get only one vote. In the lower house, the Council of Union, the size of each republic's delegation will be in proportion to its respective population.

■ **INTER-REPUBLICAN ECONOMIC COMMITTEE:** a panel of members, as yet unnamed, who will oversee the daily running of the economy and will spearhead economic reform.



World

able twists that have become the breathless stuff of which Soviet history is made, it was Gorbachev who corralled the required two-thirds vote to consign the Congress to oblivion—and it was the recalcitrant hard-liners who wound up complaining of an unconstitutional coup.

If Gorbachev's performance was a taste of the cracked empire's dawning democracy, it smacked of democracy by decree. Though the transitional plan was presented by Nursultan Nazarbayev, the president of Kazakhstan—a clever ploy to underscore the new importance of the republics—it was Gorbachev who cowed the Deputies into submission. Alternately shutting off microphones to silence opposition, flouting rules and berating the Deputies like naughty schoolchildren, Gorbachev imposed his will. On Day 4, he

justing it to the lusts of any new ruler," argued Alexander Obolensky, a gadfly Deputy with a liberal bent. But such rhetorical arpeggios were offset by equally impressive flourishes from democracy-minded reformers who were not about to let a creaky constitution stand in their way. "It's not correct to say Congress was forced to its knees," radical Deputy Ilya Zaslavsky said, tweaking his colleagues. "This Congress was never off its knees in the first place."

Through it all, Gorbachev and his former political nemesis, Yeltsin, remained in lockstep. Gorbachev signaled both that he understood the tenuousness of his position and that he had no intention of crossing Yeltsin or any of the other republic leaders. "Today you have a President. Tomorrow you may have another President," he told the Congress midway through the ses-

While Gorbachev's continuation at the helm now seemed assured for some time, it was difficult to tell what drove him. Pragmatism? Resignation? A determination to salvage what he could of his crumbling empire? And his crumbling job? "Gorbachev is a great believer in the precept that if you can't beat them, join them," suggested Sir Bryan Cartledge, a former British ambassador to Moscow. Perhaps. But no one in recent memory has reversed course with greater resiliency and panache. As Gorbachev intoned, "A new reality has emerged in the country," it was easy to forget that just three short weeks ago, he remained under the sway of communist stalwarts.

Yeltsin, by contrast, stepped back, ceding center stage after two weeks in the limelight. Singed by the outcry that he had touched off a week earlier when he precipitously threatened to "review" Russia's borders with other republics, Yeltsin perhaps understood intuitively that his role as leader of the new Russian nationalism precluded him from effectively playing the arbiter's role. To allay fears that Gorbachev might be acting as his front man for a resurgent Russia, Yeltsin promised that his gargantuan republic would not dominate any confederative structure. "The Russian state, which has chosen democracy and freedom, will never be an empire, neither a younger nor an elder brother," he said. "It will be an equal among equals."

It was a message aimed not only at fellow Deputies but also abroad, particularly at the Oval Office. The avalanche of decrees that Yeltsin issued in the immediate wake of the putsch, coupled with his initial high-handed treatment of Gorbachev, did much to undermine the goodwill and trust that Yeltsin had built with the Bush Administration during the heady three days of the coup. Wariness prevailed last week. "The man clearly has courage and political talent," said a White House insider. "But he's also clearly a demagogue and an opportunist, and we'd better off if we didn't worry about those tendencies."

Last week the Bush Administration seemed confident enough of Gorbachev's continued stewardship not only to accord recognition to the Baltics but also to set forth "five principles" that would govern the U.S. response to the rapidly shifting situation in the Soviet Union. Tipping its preference for a clearly delineated central authority that could oversee inter- and intra-republic conflicts, the Administration emphasized the need for orderly and peaceful change, safeguards to ensure the rights of ethnic minorities, and respect for international obligations.

There were hints that the U.S. Administration might soon venture further. Just hours after the Soviet legislature concluded its business, President Bush summoned his top advisers for a secret meeting. Discussion centered on concern that now that



As statues were toppled in Moscow, Leningrad changed its name to St. Petersburg

delivered an ultimatum. "If we can't agree on this, the Congress ceases to work," he said, making it clear that if all else failed, he and the republic presidents would push through the reforms by decree.

Meanwhile, hard-liners, threatened with the loss of their last remaining privileges, retreated behind the threadbare mantle of the Soviet constitution to press their demand that reforms proceed in a "legal" manner. It was an ironic line, coming from those who had overtly or passively backed the plainly unconstitutional coup attempt. In the end, their support was bought with what amounted to a bribe: the right to continue enjoying perks such as apartments and cars until 1994, when their terms would have expired, as well as salary payments worth \$175 a month.

Old-fashioned conservatives were not the only ones agitated by the high-handed manner in which Gorbachev and the republic leaders railroaded their plan through the Congress. "We should stop treating the constitution like a whore, ad-

sion. "In any case, we are all one, side by side, and we shouldn't spit on each other." Yeltsin, in turn, allowed that Gorbachev had returned from his Crimea internment a changed man. "He found within himself the courage to change his views," Yeltsin said. "I personally believe in Gorbachev today."

Gorbachev apparently believed in Gorbachev too. Half bully, half beggar, he appeared fully recovered from the lack of political surefootedness that had attended his return from the Crimea. Gorbachev seemed to accept the reality that the transitional structure he had so forcefully championed severely circumscribed his powers as the nation's chief executive. He took easily to his self-created role as the Great Coordinator. It was a position that no one else could fill, and one that republic officials, perhaps overwhelmed by recent events, yielded gratefully. Gorbachev is "the man who unites all others," said Yuri Shecherbak, a leading Deputy from Ukraine. "In this he plays a critical role."

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the Soviets had cobbled together a working relationship between the center and the republics, the Administration would no longer be able to drag its feet on economic and defense policy questions. Secretary of State James Baker argued forcefully, as he had at a Cabinet meeting the previous day, for a more aggressive program of economic aid that would go beyond immediate humanitarian measures. "Nationalism can turn to fascism," he warned the Cabinet. "If they move to fascism, or slip back to communism, we will get the blame."

While the demonstration of cohesion in Moscow dominated Washington's field of vision, there was ample restiveness in the republics to stir concern. Most alarming was the violence unleashed in Georgia when the republic's dictatorial president responded to mounting calls for his resignation by ordering a police crackdown. In the ensuing mayhem, at least five demonstrators and 21 police were wounded. Moldavia's Dniester region, populated largely by Ukrainians and Russians, declared its independence from the republic, which is moving to distance itself from Moscow and renew ties with neighboring Romania. To the west, in Chechen-Ingush, an autonomous republic of the Russian Federation, pro-democracy forces surrounded the parliament building and demanded that the government resign. In response, Soviet television reported, the region's president declared a state of emergency.

Even the Baltic republic of Lithuania gave cause for concern. Since early this year, the new government has exonerated at least 1,000 Lithuanians convicted by Soviet courts for allegedly collaborating with the Nazis. Although the republic denied that it had knowingly rehabilitated anyone guilty of genocide, the action provoked protests from Jewish organizations in the U.S. and Israel. It also left the Bush Administration in the uncomfortable position of warning against extrajudicial exonerations at the very moment Washington was renewing diplomatic ties with Vilnius.

Given the welter of events, the only certainty was that the various republics will improvise as they go, pushing the boundaries of their independence to see where the points of resistance may lie. The same can be expected of the freshly manufactured central structure, as it sorts out which republics will fully join in a new confederation and which will opt for either associate or observer status. Optimists predicted that having broken apart, the republics will fast recognize their joint interests. But if the new State Council unravels or is paralyzed by disagreement, the attempt to restore some coherence will be short-lived—and a disillusioned populace may find new merit in the predictable positions of the old hard-line.

—Reported by James Carney/
Moscow, Dan Goodgame/Washington and
William Mader/London

A New Army for a New State

After the coup attempt, Soviet military forces have a mission to help build democracy and stability

By CONDOLEEZZA RICE

For the past three years, I've met regularly with senior officers of the Soviet armed forces. Some of them have now been purged for sins of either commission or omission during last month's coup attempt. But the actions—or, more to the point, the inaction—of several commanders from Aug. 19 to 21 confirmed what I'd often been told: Soviet military officers are no men on horseback, forever overthrowing political authorities. To be sure, pluralism in the Soviet Union brought out the worst in the army. Senior officers grumbled publicly about reform, and some called for the use of an iron fist. Yet when the crunch came, the army and many of its leaders, including the new Minister of Defense, General Yevgeni Shaposhnikov, stayed on the sidelines. Thus the Soviet army still has a chance to find a place in a stable and democratic successor to the communist Soviet Union. If that is to happen, personnel changes are not enough. A stable democracy needs sturdy institutions, not just charismatic personalities.

The principal instrument of civilian control over the Soviet armed forces has always been the Communist Party. Officers were party members; political commissars were placed in every unit to ensure loyalty. With the collapse of the party, Soviet reformers must move quickly to put new mechanisms in place, including a civilian Defense Minister and means of legislative oversight, particularly of military spending.

As President of the union, Gorbachev is still commander in chief of nearly 4 million troops and an arsenal of almost

30,000 nuclear weapons. Yet the central command faces an uncertain future. Last week's interim agreement between the Kremlin and 10 republics raised more questions than it answered about what kind of state will emerge. Even if they accept Moscow as the capital of a loose confederation, the republics are sure to demand a high degree of control over forces on their territory.

Yet a cluster of totally independent armies would spell trouble for everyone. The Russian republic's overwhelming military might would intimidate others in the confederation. Ethnic conflicts, especially in the south, would be more likely to escalate to all-out war. And a Russian-dominated central army might invite a replay of the disaster that has befallen Yugoslavia, where the supposedly federal army is in reality a Serbian army.

The best solution may be a two-tier system: the republics would raise territorial defense units that would be subject to Moscow's authority only in a crisis and only with the consent of the republics' parliaments, while the confederation would form an army of its own composed of decently paid volunteers from all over. Only that body would have weapons of mass destruction. That way, when the process of transformation now under way is complete, we can be assured that there will still be only one nuclear power on the land mass that is today the U.S.S.R. ■

Condoleezza Rice, a professor of political science at Stanford, was, until March, special assistant to President George Bush for Soviet affairs.



Soviet soldiers sit out the putsch: Where will their future lie?

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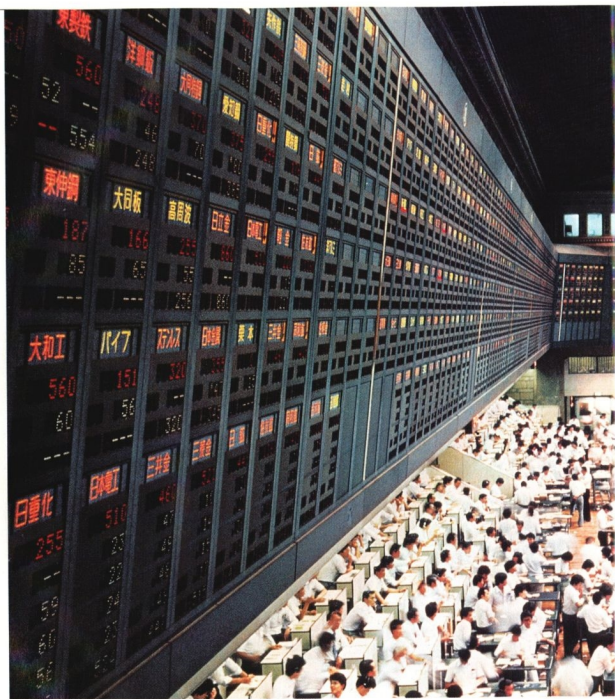
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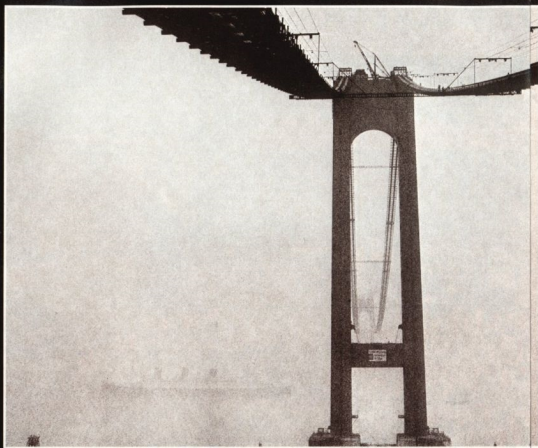
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Photograph by Bruce Davidson



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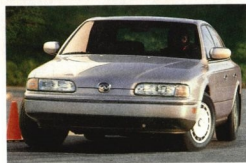
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Visibly shaken, the Soviet First Lady arrives back in Moscow following the failed putsch

"Those Days Were Horrible"

Raisa Gorbachev describes her fears during the coup—and discloses new details about her personal life

By SUSAN TIFFT

Raisa Gorbachev has not been seen in public since Aug. 22, when, looking haggard and pale, she walked down the steps of the plane that carried her and her family back to Moscow after 72 hours of house arrest in the Crimea. But last week the world did get a chance to read what the 59-year-old wife of Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev had to say about her ordeal and, in a newly released memoir, about her earlier foreboding of what lay ahead.

In her first postcoup interview, Raisa told the Soviet trade-union newspaper *Trud* she was so terrified that the plotters would kill her and her family that she suffered speech problems and an "acute bout of hypertension" for which she is still being treated. "Those days were horrible," she said.

She first learned of the putsch at about 5 p.m. on Sunday, Aug. 18, when an agitated Gorbachev told her that a group of men had arrived from Moscow to see him and that all the phone lines were dead, includ-

ing the "red phone" that links the President to the Minister of Defense. The whole family quickly agreed they would stick by the President at all costs. "This was a very serious decision," Raisa told *Trud*. "We know our history." This may have been a reference to the Bolsheviks' grisly execution of the last Russian Czar, Nicholas II, and his family.

During the attempted coup, the Gorbachevs took frequent walks outside the dacha so that they could talk without fear of being bugged. By showing themselves, they also hoped to disprove the plotters' assertion that the President was ill.

Raisa told *Trud*, "I never thought such a thing [as the coup] could happen to us." But in her autobiography, *I Hope* (HarperCollins; \$20), completed four months before the failed putsch, the Soviet First Lady says she has long been anxious about the "fierce struggle now going on between loyalty and treachery" in the Soviet Union. In the book, actually an extended interview with Soviet writer Georgi Pryakhin, Raisa discloses for the

first time that her grandfather was executed under Stalin, an experience that made her both fearful and contemptuous of *apparatchiks* who act one way "when it is to their advantage" and another when it is not. "Sometimes I feel that they are not faces but masks," she says. "And the masks will suddenly disappear and I can see quite clearly the faces of the people who informed on my grandfather."

Gorbachev anticipated the threat from communist hard-liners as early as August 1990, during a vacation in Yalta. It was then, Raisa recalls, that her husband told her, "We've got the most difficult time ahead of us. There is going to be political fighting . . . it's very alarming . . . [But] we mustn't give in to the conservatives . . . We mustn't surrender the fate of the country to cowboys. They would ruin everything."

In *I Hope*, Raisa describes her early years as one of three children of a railroad engineer in Siberia. Money was so tight that she did not own a real overcoat until she went to college. "Everybody remembers the coat," she says. "It really was a milestone in the family history."

Materially, life at Moscow State University was not much better; the Soviet First Lady admits she economized by beating fares on the subway and trams. But romantically, her world blossomed. She speaks poignantly of meeting Mikhail Gorbachev at a student dance and of their love, which deepened on long walks and ice-skating dates in Sokolniki Park. Soon after marrying in 1953, the Gorbachevs moved to Mikhail's birthplace of Stavropol, where Raisa taught college and her husband began his climb through the party ranks.

In 1978, at 47, Mikhail became a Secretary of the Central Committee and the couple moved to Moscow, where Raisa felt very much the outsider among the spoiled communist elite. Once, at a gathering at a state dacha, she warned the children not to break the chandelier. "I was told: 'Not to worry. It's government property, it can be written off.'" By March 10, 1985, the night before he was chosen to replace Konstantin Chernenko as General Secretary, Gorbachev was so frustrated with the party's self-satisfied sclerosis that he told his wife, "[The country] just can't go on like this." Despite her commitment to her husband's reforms, Raisa admits that so far *perestroika* "has given us much and very little."

Raisa paints the Soviet leader as a hardworking man who likes to sing and kid his sometimes prissy mate. She acknowledges her unpopularity in her own country and scoffs at the criticism from some quarters that she has put on airs. And she points to continuing threats from both the left and the right. "In the center of this gigantic whirlwind is the person closest to me," she says. "Will we be able to come out of the whirlwind with honor?" There is now some hope.

—With reporting by Ann M. Simmons/Moscow and Nancy Traver/Washington

SOVIET UNION

Bread, Cigarettes and Reform

The revolution spreads from Moscow to the Urals, but can democrats consolidate their power in the provinces?

By JOHN KOHAN PERM

An excited murmur ripples along the ragged line of shoppers, snaking away from the tiny tobacco shop on Lenin Street. It is 10 a.m. on an overcast day in the provincial city of Perm. Many in the crowd, pressed against the closed plate-glass doors, have been waiting more than four hours just for this moment. A flatbed truck pulls up with a precious cargo of cigarettes. As two men begin unloading, the impatient shoppers surge forward. There is a resounding whack. A young policeman, standing in the truck, hits his billy club against the wooden side panel in warning. "He probably would like to bash a few heads," mutters a middle-aged woman watching resignedly from the sidewalk. "What torture they put us through!"

Although supplies are erratic, cigarettes and bread are practically the only major staples not rationed these days in this industrial center of 1.1 million, situated 700 miles northeast of Moscow on the Trans-Siberian railway line through the Ural Mountains. Salt, sugar, butter, eggs, macaroni and even matches must be bought with ration coupons—assuming, of course, that state-run

stores have the items. At harvest time, a shortage of sugar caused a near panic; without it, fruits and berries from family garden plots could not be made into preserves for the coming winter. In Perm, as elsewhere in provincial Russia, food and tobacco rate higher on the day's agenda than revolution. Young couples continue to lay wedding bouquets at the Lenin monument instead of daubing it with anticommunist slogans.

And yet the revolution has unquestionably come to town. When local officials met on the second day of the attempted coup to decide their response, some 5,000 demonstrators gathered outside in support of Boris Yeltsin. The timely show of "people power" helped tip the balance, and now the Russian triforce flutters proudly atop the closed offices of the Perm regional soviet and the city council. Two empty plywood panels are all that identify the former Communist Party headquarters. But if Russian democrats hope to consolidate the victory they won over hard-liners at the barricades of Moscow, they will have to do more than hoist flags and close down provincial outposts of the Communist Party apparatus. They must begin filling empty store shelves, building more apartment



A crowd waits for an unrationed staple, cigarettes

blocks, cleaning up pollution and saving military factories from turning into rust-belt relics—in effect, they must correct the economic and industrial carnage of seven decades of Communist rule before the people's patience runs out.

Perm's reformers worry, however, that local governments, still dominated by communist apparatchiks, may yet stifle the rev-

Communism à la Française

In a town in the "Red Belt" of Paris, the party tends the grass roots and maintains its popular appeal

By MARGOT HORNBLOWER BOBIGNY

Enter town on Stalingrad Street. Take a whiff of the pink and red flowers planted around V.I. Lenin's bust. Among the high-rise concrete blocks of the Karl Marx Quarter, comrades are hawking the latest edition of the Communist Party newspaper. Plastered along Avenue Yuri Gagarin, Nelson Mandela Street and Avenue Salvador Allende, posters sport a red hammer and sickle and a soft-sell slogan: A JOB, JUST TO SURVIVE.

Welcome to Bobigny, fiefdom of the French Communist Party and not about to apologize. Will they rebaptize the streets and dismantle the monument to Vladimir Ilyich? Mayor Georges Valbon grins broadly and shakes his head. "I was suckled on the milk of the October Revolution," he says. "Lenin was a symbol of hope for French workers and intellectuals." With his monogrammed shirts and rough-hewn charm, Valbon, 67, has ruled bicultural Bobigny, a northeastern suburb of Paris, for two decades, winning by 66% in

the past mayoral election. "Communism is still on the horizon," he contends. "We build it little by little, not by decree."

The optimism is overblown. The coronation of communist-run industrial towns around Paris has frayed over the past decade as the country, ever more prosperous, moves rightward. In the 1988 presidential election, the Communist Party polled only 6.8%. Nonetheless, even as Soviet totalitarianism self-destructs, President François Mitterrand's minority Socialist government depends on 26 Communist deputies to pass its legislation. Unlike Communist parties in Italy and Spain, France's apparatus has no plans to change its name. Forty-six of France's 226 largest cities, including Bobigny, remain in Communist Party hands. And there, the mood is a mixture of nostalgic regret and last-ditch defiance.

"Perhaps we should offer you a vodka," city councilor Raymond Chapin grows to a reporter. In the next breath he grows serious, recalling how, when he first joined the party two decades ago, it sent its members

to visit the Soviet Union, "telling us it was a workers' paradise. Today," he acknowledges, "that would make people laugh." Outside city hall, activist Gérard Kourland is selling *L'Humanité*, the party organ, and patiently explaining the difference between the Russian and French parties: "We officially gave up on the dictatorship of the proletariat in 1976. And even before then, we had our doubts."

In Bobigny self-interest has replaced ideology, and the Communists have built their political machine on a hair-trigger response to the grass roots. "They blanket the city," says opposition city councilor Jean-Luc Romero. "The moment anyone loses a job, a party worker stops by to offer help, part-time employment or a social subsidy." Among Bobigny's 44,000 residents, the 2,700 Communist activists are organized into 70 neighborhood and factory-based cells. If a family cannot pay the rent in its low-income housing project, the local cell leader will intervene with the authorities. If police show up to evict, cell members have been known to physically block the gendarmes. Naturally, beneficiaries are expected to respond at election time.

The city sends hundreds of children to the country for summer vacations. It subsidizes three clinics for outpatient care. Mu-



Looking for a clean sweep? A would-be businessman has straw brooms for sale in Perm

olution in the provinces. The only thing that distinguishes the Perm regional soviet from Moscow's discredited national parliament, they joke, is that in Perm there are no electronic voting machines. Radical reformers, in fact, want Yeltsin to expand presidential control over regional executive bodies and appoint his own administrative representative in Perm to see that

reforms are carried out. Contends local political columnist Vladimir Vinichenko: "We must use some authoritarian methods to ensure the victory of democracy."

A key issue for reformers is the future of the local industry. More than 75% of the region's output is defense related, but nowadays local factories actively seek Western investors. Small firms like Perma-

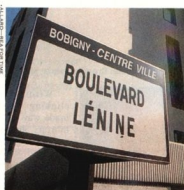
via, a semiprivate stock company designing aircraft engines, show it is possible to spin off commercial ventures from traditional defense plants. But the prospects look bleak for salvaging "heavy metal" armaments manufacturers like Perm's Lenin works, once a key supplier of artillery to Iraq's Saddam Hussein. There is a real danger that social discontent among defense-industry employees, an élite among Soviet workers, will be used to foment opposition to the Yeltsin reforms.

No one can replenish the market or revitalize aging industries overnight, but the reformers can expand existing pockets of progress. A new Perm commodity exchange, employing 500 "brokers," is already taking over from the state-controlled distribution system, bringing together traders in chemicals, wood products and construction materials for regular auctions. Andrei Kuzayev, the 26-year-old economic whiz kid who runs the exchange, says the present period of transition to a free economy reminds him of sand sifting through an hourglass. The time will soon come, he argues, when the narrow neck will have to be widened.

He has a point. The success of the Russian revolution in Perm—and elsewhere—will ultimately depend on dismantling state controls, not substituting new ones for old ones. As Grigori Volchek, a local economic analyst, succinctly puts it, "People believe that Yeltsin can solve the food problem, build more housing and modernize factories. All Yeltsin can do is give us our freedom. We must do the rest ourselves." ■



Mayor Valbon, with a view of the Karl Marx Quarter



Street signs proclaim NO THROUGH ROAD on the Rue Lenine except for local traffic



nicipal retirement homes shelter the elderly. Last week, street-corner notices invited students who cannot find places in universities to come to city hall for help. The largesse is financed by higher taxes on local business and subsidies from Socialist allies in state ministries.

Communist goodwill extends even to religion. On a recent Sunday, fresh carnations adorned the statue of the Virgin Mary in what Bobigny residents call Karl Marx church, although the official name of the sanctuary on Karl Marx Avenue is St. André's. In his sermon before 150

faithful, Father Jean Déchet tactfully avoided the subject of communism's demise. "Christians and communists collaborate here," he said after the service. "The communists are attentive to people's needs." Ten years ago, Valbon's government paid \$500,000 to build a new church.

In Bobigny's mall, where the wine and cheese shop faces the Belgian chocolate shop, where McDonald's shovels out Big Macs and the video-store window displays the Gummi Bears, distinctions between communists and capitalists blur. Outside,

three dozen streets are named for French communists, pacifists and revolutionaries. Politically correct artists are commemorated: the Pablo Picasso Métro station, the Charlie Chaplin Cultural Center and, most recently, a street named for detective-story writer Dashiell Hammett, once blacklisted as a communist. What does the future hold? A symbolic test looms, in the form of a new sports center. The city council's right-wing minority has proposed naming it the Andrei Sakharov Swimming Pool. The communists are squirming. Says Romero: "That really stumped them." ■

NATIONALISM

When the Center Does Not Hold

Independence! Self-determination! Freedom! As the Soviet Union's many ethnic and religious groups take up these rallying cries with increasing conviction, it is easy to forget the dark side of nationalism. The first reaction to the disintegration of the menacing Soviet monolith may be euphoria, but all too often, as demonstrated by other countries where ethnic rivalries have shattered national integrity, bloodshed soon follows. In Yugoslavia fierce fighting has killed more than 300 people since Croatia declared independence on June 25. In Sri Lanka an eight-year war between

Tamil guerrillas and the Sinhalese majority has left 18,000 dead and countless numbers homeless and destitute. Tamil Tigers have also been held responsible for the assassination last May of former Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, who sent in troops in July 1987 to bolster the ruling Sinhalese. Does this kind of deep-seated hatred and violence await minority Russians in Ukraine, or Ossetians in Georgia or ethnic Ukrainians in Moldavia? Sri Lanka and Yugoslavia offer a not-too-distant mirror of the mayhem that could be unleashed.

Serbia's Land Grab in Yugoslavia

By JAMES L. GRAFF BELGRADE

The toast was made with orange juice and the greatest reluctance. For weeks, Slobodan Milosevic, president of Yugoslavia's largest republic, Serbia, had resisted the European Community's attempts to engineer a peaceful future for its neighboring republic, Croatia. Since Croatia declared independence from the Yugoslav federation on June 25, a brutal ethnic war has raged in its eastern region. Croatian security forces are pitted against rebel Serbian residents of the republic who want their homes and fields incorporated into an enlarged Serbia.

It has been a rout: with money from Serbia and active support from parts of the Serb-dominated federal Yugoslav People's Army, the rebels have steadily gained control of the roughly one-quarter of Croatian territory where they have a strong ethnic presence. Under those conditions, why should Milosevic, whose power at home is girded by what most Serbs see as a righteous war for Serbian self-determination next door, accept a peace forged by foreigners?

To persuade him to do so, E.C. officials began brandishing threats of Serbia's total isolation, complete with economic sanctions. Last week Milosevic finally followed Croatian President Franjo Tudjman's lead and signed on to an E.C. plan to monitor a cease-fire and moderate an all-party peace conference for war-torn Yugoslavia. Cornered into a toast, Milosevic said, "You always have to protect victims, and Serbs are victims in this case." Dutch Foreign Minister Hans van den Broek, who brokered the agreement on behalf of the Community, added an amendment to Milosevic's grudging salute: "All those who are being killed are victims; they are all human beings. So let's drink to them."



Creeping for cover: Croatian soldier skirting Serbian sniper attacks



Slobodan Milosevic

Within hours, the clinking glasses had made way for thudding mortars and stuttering machine guns. Every promised cease-fire in Yugoslavia unleashes new fury on the battlefields, and last week's was no exception. Serb rebels managed to block the main road connecting the Croatian capital of Zagreb to the besieged region of Slavonia along the Danube River to the east, virtually cutting the republic in two. The Yugoslav federal air force subjected Osijek, Slavonia's major city, to indiscriminate bombing of civilian targets. Said a senior British diplomat in London: "This is naked grabbing of all the ground Milosevic can get." Against that backdrop, Yugoslav leaders gathered at the weekend in the Dutch capital for an E.C.-sponsored conference at which they are likely to prove as bellicose as their

compatriots now fighting on the ground.

There is ample blame to go around in the wearying spiral of Yugoslavia's bloody demise, but most Western observers believe that Milosevic, 49, deserves the lion's share. Of the former communists still in power in Eastern Europe, Milosevic is the least reconstructed, presiding over a government and a party still largely unpurged, both in terms of ideology and personnel, from the bad old days when it enjoyed a power monopoly. His regime is a nest of paradoxes. While wielding more personal power within his republic than any other Yugoslav leader, he faces a stronger opposition press than the leaders of Slovenia and Croatia. He foments an aggressive nationalism by playing to the Serbs' age-old conviction that they are beset by aggressive enemies on all sides.

In his rare talks to the press, Milosevic recalls how the Nazi vassal Independent State of Croatia slaughtered hundreds of thousands of Serbs during World War II, and insists that Serbs are facing a similar

World

threat today. Those memories are particularly painful in the Serb-dominated regions of Croatia where today's fighting goes on. But sometimes they are harnessed to chimeras. Says Serbian Vice President Budimir Kosić, appointed by Milosevic just last month: "The Croats and the Germans behind them want to make a new state in the old borders of Austria-Hungary."

The persistence of such fears even in the highest echelons of the Serbian government hardly bodes well for peace talks.

Croatian President Tudjman, as strident a nationalist as Milosevic, has done little to allay them. Had Tudjman made even perfunctory mention of his republic's 600,000 Serbs—some 12% of the population—in the Croatian constitution adopted last December, perhaps the conflict would not have grown as violent as it has.

For his part, Milosevic claims merely to be toiling to preserve what he can of the old Yugoslavia. He can accept the departure of Slovenia, whose declaration of indepen-

dence engendered a shorter military conflict early this summer; even Croatia can leave, yet only within reduced borders now being carved out by the Serb rebels. But on a continent with other untested borders, changing existing ones by force cannot be sanctioned. That is the nasty precedent that the European Community, to the extent that it can control anything in a conflict fueled by apparently boundless ethnic hatred, is determined to prevent. —With reporting by William Mader/London

Sri Lanka's Tamil Tigers

By EDWARD W. DESMOND NEW DELHI

The bad blood goes back at least a thousand years to a time when a powerful Tamil dynasty in India invaded the island of Sri Lanka and pushed the Sinhalese natives deep into the south. The conflict between Tamils and Sinhalese has ebbed and flowed ever since, but today it rages more violently than ever—only with artillery and automatic rifles rather than swords and spears. The stakes would have been familiar to Sri Lankans at any point in the past 10 centuries: the minority Tamil population wants independence from the Sinhalese-dominated government in Colombo. They speak a different language, and they look to different gods: the Tamils to the Hindu pantheon and the Sinhalese to Buddha. At this stage, they fight not so much because of those differences as because blood begets blood, and talk of peace treads dangerously close to a betrayal of the cause that calls for total victory.

In July the eight-year-old war, which has mainly been a guerrilla conflict, suddenly turned into an even more bloody set-piece struggle. Tamil fighters, known as Tigers, dropped their usual tactics of ambush and evasion to launch a 3,000-strong force against a government base controlling Elephant Pass, a narrow, one-mile causeway, surrounded by marsh, beaches and sand dunes, that connects the mainland with the Tigers' heartland, the Jaffna Peninsula.

The assault was on the verge of succeeding, when the government surprised the Tigers with an amphibious landing of 8,000 troops on a beach six miles away. The soldiers fought their way to relieve the garrison, and after 24 days, there was little doubt about the issue. The government forces suffered 200 dead and still held the base, while the Tigers had lost an unprecedented 564 according to their own reports and three times that according to government

sources. The army immediately declared it had the Tigers on the run and launched an ambitious offensive dubbed Lightning Strike, aimed at Base One-Four, a major Tiger camp deep in the jungles of northern Sri Lanka. Says Major General Denzil Kobbe-kaduwa: "Nothing is going to stop us now. Our mission is to seek them out and kill as many as possible."

In eight years of conflict between the Tamils and the government, 18,000 people have died. But that is only the beginning of

day it has an army of 70,000 and a budget of \$308 million (12% of spending).

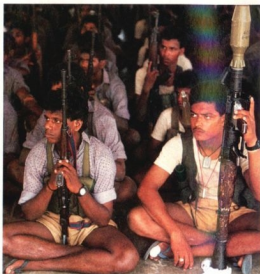
The war has also claimed casualties outside the theater of Sinhalese-Tamil bloodletting. The Tigers were supported by the government of India in the early 1980s, until Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi changed the policy and attempted to make peace. A 70,000-man Indian peacekeeping force went to the Tamil areas in 1987 at Colombo's invitation, only to wind up warring with the Tigers. The confrontation ended in a humiliating withdrawal of the Indians last year after more than 1,000 of their soldiers died. The headstrong Tiger leader, Velupillai Prabhakaran, never forgives his enemies, and in May he got even with the former Indian Prime Minister when one of his operatives assassinated Rajiv Gandhi in a suicide bombing.

Sometimes violence burns itself out when the sheer exhaustion of killing makes room for thoughts of peace. Even the Islamic zeal of the Iranian revolutionaries faltered after eight years of holy war with Iraq. But the Sri Lankan civil war shows no sign of flagging. The Tiger cult around Prabhakaran is as strong as ever, and young Tamil recruits still flock to his banner, eager to embrace the austere, fanatical mindset of a Tiger.

The young recruits say good-bye to their families and embrace their AK-47 rifle as their most precious belonging, strictly following a rule that it should never touch the ground. They sit through long hours of indoctrination that covers everything from grisly photographs of Tamils tortured and butchered by the Sri Lankan army to glories of the Tamil kings of the Chola dynasty, which in the 11th century conquered Sri Lanka. There is no more frightening measure of the Tigers' commitment than the fact that to avoid capture at least 600 Tigers have ended their own lives by biting into the cyanide vial they all carry on a string around their neck. But their first job is to kill the enemy. Says Kanthi, a young girl recruit with the Tigers: "I don't mind dying so long as I can kill a few Sri Lankan soldiers first."

—Reported by Anita

Pratap/Jaffna



Receiving the word at a Tiger training camp

the carnage. Much of Sri Lanka's north and east have been devastated economically, and the murderous campaigns of both sides have shattered any hope of trust between Tamils and Sinhalese perhaps for generations. Both sides butcher their enemies, and an Amnesty International report claims that the Sri Lankan army killed thousands of civilians in Tamil areas last year. In less than a decade, the island has become heavily militarized. In the early 1980s, it had a small army of 16,000 and a defense budget of \$30 million (2.5% of government spending). To-



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WORLD NOTES

GERMANY

From Heroes To Infamy

For the 1989 shooting of Chris Gueffroy, believed to be the last person killed while trying to flee East Germany, the border guards responsible were decorated, given bonuses, extra va-

cation days and a celebratory meal. Last week the four were put on trial in Berlin, charged with manslaughter. The proceedings are the first of their kind, and getting convictions will be no small task. The accused, say their attorneys, citing the Nuremberg defense, were following orders.

The trial has come under fire for focusing on the small fry while those responsible for the shoot-to-kill command have escaped justice. Former East German leader Erich Honecker remains in the Soviet Union, and though Bonn has demanded his extradition, he is not expected to appear in court anytime soon. One man who may show up to face possible prosecution, however, is Markus Wolf, the legendary spymaster of former East Germany, who fled before the Germans united last October and who is now rumored to be planning a return from Moscow.



Misspelled sign marks death spot

SINGAPORE

No More Mr. Nice Goh?

Until he retired last November, Lee Kuan Yew was the only Prime Minister that Singapore had ever had since gaining independence in 1965. In the months since Lee stepped down, Goh Chok Tong, his handpicked successor, has been trying to emerge from Lee's shadow. In an attempt to establish his own mandate, last month he called a snap election two years before he was required to do so.

The election, which the Prime Minister saw as a referendum on his relatively open style, brought him mixed tidings. His People's Action Party received 61% of the popular vote, 2.2% lower than the total accumulated by Lee in 1988. The vote was less a repudiation of Goh than a plea for a viable opposi-

tion to the country's ruling party.

While Goh promised to make some modification in his open style, he vowed no drastic changes. But he might reform his party and bring it back closer to the grass roots. Had Goh been less liberal, less open, some analysts contended last week, he might have done better at the polls.



In search of a mandate: Goh



A government soldier outside Kabul: anticipating an autumn chill

AFGHANISTAN

A Noose for Najibullah?

Moscow's short, hot summer is threatening to bring an early autumn chill to Kabul. Facing economic and political collapse at home, the Kremlin is reviewing its largesse abroad. Boris Yeltsin openly opposes continuing aid to Afghan President Najibullah, and Mikhail Gorbachev, who discovered several proponents of continued support among those who plotted to overthrow him, is likely soon to pull the plug.

Although Soviet cargo planes are still flying in, the Russian wheat they are carrying is actually supplied by the Indian government (purchased by

New Delhi under a barter arrangement). Despite those shipments, Kabul is suffering from a major wheat shortage at a time when it usually stockpiles supplies for the long winter. Najibullah still has a formidable store of weapons but is facing a critical shortage of fuel. The price of gasoline has more than doubled in recent months, and Western correspondents report only a trickle of traffic on Kabul's streets.

Sensing the time is ripe for a major *mujahedin* offensive, the U.S., Pakistan and Saudi Arabia have reportedly given the go-ahead to the guerrillas. Renewed military pressure on his already demoralized forces could soon add Najibullah to the list of victims of the Soviet putsch.

SOUTH AFRICA

A Recipe for Disaster?

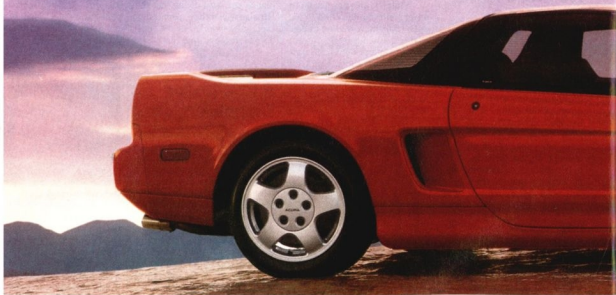
At first glance, President F.W. de Klerk's long-awaited proposals for revamping South Africa's constitution, unveiled last week, look just fine. But on closer scrutiny some major defects appear. The country's blacks would vote for a national government for the first time ever. A bicameral parliament would consist of one chamber elected by proportional representation and a second representing nine newly created regions, with the power to veto legislation. The presidency would become a troika of representatives of the three major parliamentary parties.



De Klerk addressing National Party

The proposals' checks and balances mean that despite universal suffrage, the country's 5 million whites could have as much power in government as its 28.5 million blacks. The plan would also prevent a black majority from electing a single black leader as President. The African National Congress lost no time in rejecting the plan as "a recipe for disaster."

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WALL STREET

The Dealers Return

Those blockbuster buyouts of the giddy '80s may be history, but investment bankers are rebuilding business on safer ground

By JOHN GREENWALD

Who said Wall Street's deal-makers have gone the way of the extravagant 1980s takeover wars? Wall Street giants First Boston and Morgan Stanley stand to rake in \$10 million apiece for helping put together BankAmerica's \$4.4 billion merger with Security Pacific. Rothschild Inc. earned \$2.5 million in cash and bonds for representing creditors in the bankruptcy of Donald Trump's Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City. And Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette received \$2.5 million last month for co-managing a \$200 million junk-bond issue for Dr Pepper. Little by little, deal by deal, Wall Street's investment bankers are rebuilding a business that all but collapsed with the waning of the '80s. A recent surge of deals ranging from bank megamergers to huge new stock and bond issues is putting some chastened wheeler-dealers back on their feet. But without the limitless pots of cash that the now shrunken junk-bond market once provided, the investment bankers can no longer arrange the sort of blockbuster buyouts that produced breathtaking profits for Wall Street in the past decade. Instead, the erstwhile Masters of the Universe now rescue debt-laden companies and humbly take orders from corporate clients intent on acquisitions that will give them a competitive edge and help them survive the constrained 1990s.

The new era could halt a dizzying skid on Wall Street that began with the 1987 stock-market crash. Buoyed in part by mergers and new issues, investment bankers earned \$900 million in the first half of 1991, compared with \$540 million in the same period a year earlier. And after dismissing nearly 70,000 employees since 1987, or more than 20% of Wall Street's total work force, some firms have gingerly begun to hire again. Goldman, Sachs has added 44 new associates to work on mergers and other deals. The firm also opened a Frankfurt office for international deals. Declares Alain Lebec, a managing partner and co-director of mergers and acquisitions for Merrill Lynch: "Things are better across the board. Our clients are more interested in exploring acquisitions, and the quality of the work is more real and less speculative."

Unlike the overleveraged '80s buyouts, the sobersided new deals are largely free of debt. That is particularly true of mergers in the beleaguered banking industry, where companies are combining to eliminate overlapping branches and services and thereby cut costs. San Francisco's BankAmerica is using a stock swap to acquire Los Angeles rival Security Pacific in a deal that will create the second largest U.S. banking company

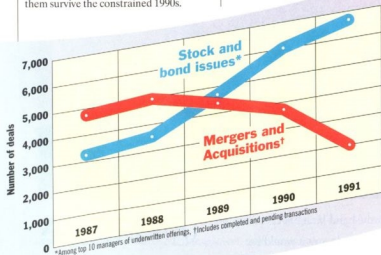
after Manhattan's Citicorp. In a similar transaction, Chemical Banking is exchanging \$2.3 billion of its shares for the stock of New York City neighbor Manufacturers Hanover. "Debt has become a bad four-letter word," says Benjamin Griswold, chairman of Alex. Brown & Sons, the oldest U.S. investment banking firm.

Such mergers are red meat to Wall Street, even if the fees they generate cannot match the profits from takeover wars. Investment bankers, lawyers and accountants raked in a staggering \$1 billion for plotting strategy and raising the cash that enabled the buyout firm Kohlberg Kravitz Roberts to acquire RJR Nabisco for \$25 billion in 1989. But the new deals are smaller and generally arranged by executives of the merger partners, so advisers play a smaller role and receive a correspondingly thinner slice of the overall purchase price.

Still, the transactions can be highly lucrative for Wall Street firms. Morgan Stanley and Goldman, Sachs will each get \$4 million for their work in fine-tuning the financial de-

"Things are better across the board. Our clients are more interested in exploring acquisitions, and the quality of the work is more real and less speculative."

—Alain Lebec,
co-director of mergers and acquisitions,
Merrill Lynch



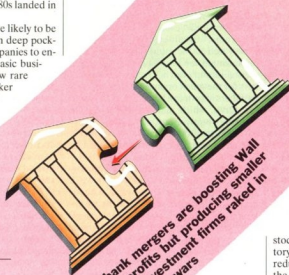
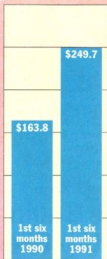
tails of the Chemical-Manufacturers Hand-over deal. The two investment houses also expect to split most of the \$45 million in fees that Chemical will pay underwriters to market a \$1.5 billion stock issue next year.

Vanished along with vast takeover profits are the freewheeling raiders who once made corporate officers squirm. Such buccaneers "accounted for half of all merger and acquisition activity" just three years ago, says Frederick Lane, a managing director of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. But most raiders have long since run out of cash or come to grief in the manner of Robert Campeau, whose debt-financed buyouts of Allied and Federated stores for a total of \$10.2 billion in the '80s landed in bankruptcy court.

Today's takeovers are more likely to be launched by corporations with deep pockets that are searching for companies to enhance the strength of their basic businesses. AT&T mounted a now rare hostile offer for computer-maker NCR that grew increasingly bitter until the phone company agreed last

More companies are now raising funds by issuing new stock

Amount raised by the issue of securities, in billions of dollars



Huge bank mergers are boosting Wall Street's profits but producing smaller fees than investment firms raked in from takeover wars



The number of deals financed by new debt are on the decline

May to raise its bid from an opening offer of \$90 a share to \$110 a share, for a total of \$7.4 billion. AT&T is paying that amount in the hope that NCR will finally make it a force in computers. Goldman, Sachs and Dillon, Read will each receive \$18.5 million for advising NCR to hold out for top dollar.

Consolidations in the rapidly shrinking airline industry have been another boon to Wall Street. Goldman, Sachs earned an estimated \$8 million last month helping Delta outbid American, United and other carriers for the coveted East Coast shuttle and transatlantic service of bankrupt Pan Am.

Delta won the routes by agreeing to pay about \$620 million in cash and to assume nearly \$670 million of Pan Am's debt.

Investment bankers are also reaping handsome fees by underwriting an avalanche of new stock and bond issues for companies intent on raising fresh capital and reducing their debt. Attracted by the post-gulf war stock rally and falling interest rates, U.S. corporations issued some \$250 billion of new securities in the first half of 1991, a whopping increase over the \$164 billion that companies raised in the same period last year. The latest underwritings brought Wall Street firms \$1.95 billion in fees, or 60% more than they earned a year ago.

Many companies have used the new issues to trim the interest costs that firms assumed when they merged in the 1980s. In one offering, Time Warner, the corporate parent of TIME, paid some \$117 million to Salomon Brothers, Merrill Lynch and other Wall Street firms in August for serving as underwriters for a \$2.8 billion

stock issue that was the largest in U.S. history. Time Warner used the proceeds to reduce the \$11 billion debt it incurred in the 1989 merger of Time Inc. and Warner Communications.

Perhaps the fastest-growing field for investment bankers is bailing out foundering companies. "We're the cleanup crew who are picking up the pieces left over from the decade-long party of debt," says Wilbur Ross, a senior managing director at Wall Street's Rothschild Inc. "What you're seeing now is a mirror image of the 1980s." Memories of the '80s have left some skeptics doubting whether once high-flying dealmakers really have reformed. "Just when we thought it was safe, they're back again," says Perrin Long, director of research at First of Michigan Corp. "We have to be on guard against the excesses of the 1980s, because a lot of investment bankers haven't learned their lesson. They're still gung-ho, they're still knocking on doors, even though the business isn't there, and they're still blowing smoke. The danger is that they may find some chief executives with big egos who will listen." But while Wall Street's wheeler-dealers may lust for their old profits, power and glory, a return to '80s-style overborrowing is something that companies—and the rest of the country—know they can no longer afford.

—Reported by Thomas McCarroll/
New York



At last, an ecologically friendly form of plastic: credit cards that donate a portion of their sales to nature advocates



ECO-COMMERCIALISM

The Selling Of the Green

Doing well by doing good, merchandisers join forces with environmentalists

When Evelyn Padham of West Milford, N.J., paid her \$45 telephone bill to MCI last month, she did so with the comforting thought that \$2.25 was going to help save the environment. Padham switched her phone service from Sprint this summer largely because MCI was offering new customers the opportunity to donate 5% of their monthly telephone bills to any of four major conservation groups: the Nature Conservancy, Ducks Unlimited, the National Audubon Society and the National Wildlife Federation. "I'm not real involved in the environmental movement," says Padham, "but this is something I can do to help."

With polls showing that nearly 90% of American consumers are concerned about the environmental impact of what they buy, many companies are spending big sums to develop an earth-hugging image—and are naturally looking for something in return. It's a win-win situation for both conservation groups and businesses. "The program lets us support the environmental movement and try to capture the younger demographic audience we are looking for," says Debra Shriver, consumer-markets spokesman for MCI.

Visa and MasterCard have introduced so-called affinity cards for conservation groups. As in credit-card programs that award frequent-flyer mileage on major airlines, the nonprofit organizations receive a small percentage of the bill charged by each new member customer. The Nature Conservancy has taken in \$150,000 from MCI since the program began last February, and expects its take to grow to nearly \$400,000 annually in the future.

In the face of a weak economy, corporations are cutting back on their direct co-

nations to nonprofit groups in favor of what they call "cause-related marketing programs." Businesses with products closely tied to the interests of a nonprofit organization can profitably target environmentalists and even help recruit new members for the green organization. These new members in turn can become loyal customers. Orvis, which markets fly-fishing and hunting equipment, donates nearly \$500,000 to groups that support wildlife and clean water, ranging from Trout Unlimited to the Ruffed Grouse Society.

Such relationships need not be monogamous. In addition to its tie-in with MCI, the nonprofit Nature Conservancy recently established a partnership with the profit-seeking Nature Co., which sells art, maps and gadgets designed with ecological themes through 60 stores and a catalog with a circulation of 4 million. The National Wildlife Federation has licensed its logo for use on toys, T-shirts and stuffed animals at K-Mart, Sears and other stores across the U.S. The N.W.F. also allows American Greetings Co. to sell a series of birthday cards made from recycled paper and sporting pictures of endangered animals.

Small companies that can't afford huge campaigns have banded together to form the Outdoor Industry Conservation Alliance. Started just two years ago, the group has grown from four to 26 companies, which pay dues based on sales volume. The association now donates nearly \$200,000 a year to help local citizens fight the destruction of wildlife areas.

The new wave of eco-commercialism has its detractors. Some environmentalists criticize the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation for forming partnerships with beer companies. Loblaw's, a Canadian grocery chain, asked the Canadian chapter of the activist group Greenpeace to endorse various products sold in its stores as environmentally safe. Greenpeace refused, and was later vindicated when it was discovered that one of the products, a potted soil, contained pulp-mill sludge. "You have to maintain a clear line with businesses," says Greenpeace media director Peter Dykstra, "or you can end up caught in serious conflicts of interest."

—By Jerome Cramer/
Washington

SCANDALS

Salomon's Minefields

Congress opens its probe by thrashing regulators and promising new rules

Though it reigned over the freewheeling government-securities market, once mighty Salomon Brothers now finds itself on terrain every bit as treacherous as Wall Street. Last week the firm's interim chief executive, Warren Buffett, was summoned along with financial regulators to Capitol Hill for the first public hearings on illegal bond-bidding practices revealed last month. Inquiring congressional committee members had nothing but praise for Buffett's efforts at reform. Beyond firing or suspending top executives, Salomon departed from past practices and decided against paying them compensation, severance or their future legal expenses. Buffett also revealed during testimony that Salomon's loose trading practices allowed the firm to grab more than 90% of the Treasury notes during an auction last May. (The law prohibits any single company from acquiring more than 35%.)

After applauding Buffett for his changes, Congress focused its anger on regulators. House members, seeking a new image of toughness after being stung by the savings and loan debacle, blasted the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Treasury and the Federal Reserve for failing to detect Salomon's fraudulent bids fast enough. Congressional leaders accused regulators of being too cozy with Wall Street firms and warned that Congress would move quickly to overhaul the \$2.2 trillion government-securities market to prevent similar abuses in the future.

While regulators admitted that new rules may ultimately be needed, they argued strenuously against any knee-jerk changes. The Treasury Department, anxious to regain its authority over a market it relies on to raise capital, announced that it was reopening its investigation to see if Salomon and one of its clients, Mercury Asset Management, worked together to cover up a bogus bid last February. Treasury's renewed interest may have been prompted in part by a Justice Department announcement that it was widening its probe of unauthorized bidding practices in search of violators in other Wall Street firms.

As if these burdens weren't enough, Salomon's list of clients shrank further last week. The British government canceled plans for the embattled securities firm to act as London's key underwriter in the U.S. on the sale of \$7 billion in British Telecom communications shares.

BUSINESS NOTES



Providence tea party: protesters deposit teabags at the statehouse

INVESTIGATIONS

Breaking the Bank

It was bad enough when some 300,000 Rhode Island bank customers discovered last Jan. 1 that they were cut off from their money. Democratic Governor Bruce Sundlun had closed down 45 banks and credit unions following the collapse of the Rhode Island Share and Deposit Indemnity Corporation, which backed up deposits. Eight months later, legions of penny-pressed retirees and other average customers are still unable to get at some \$1.2 billion in deposits. But what proved to be too much was the disclosure last week that 14

businessmen, government officials and bank executives, acting on inside information that RISDIC was in its death throes, had quietly withdrawn \$4 million from their own accounts in December.

"RISDIC insiders abused their position for personal benefit at the expense of the depositor," said the chairman of a state commission investigating the disaster. If the 14 do not return the money, the panel recommended court action against them. The revelations are only likely to fuel the fury of Rhode Island's put-upon depositors. A local consumer activist is calling for Sundlun's resignation if all frozen funds are not defrosted by Dec. 31, the anniversary of RISDIC's fall.

CORPORATE IMAGE

On Second Thought...

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. Procter & Gamble brass thought they had a right, based on an obscure Ohio law, to use local authorities in their hunt for corporate leaks. What they didn't foresee was that the company would come out looking so bad. After two insider-sourced stories saying P&G's food division was troubled appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* last June, P&G complained to Cincinnati police, who examined hundreds of thousands of local phone records to see who called the home

and office of Alecia Swasy, who wrote the articles.

No one was prosecuted, but P&G found itself buried under a barrage of negative publicity—so much so that last week P&G chairman Edwin Artzt circulated a letter to employees calling the situation an "embarrassing experience." P&G, he admitted, had "made an error in judgment" in pursuing police assistance and "triggered reactions that reflected negatively on the company." Said Artzt: "We created a problem larger than the one we were trying to solve." Still, he stressed the need to protect company information and asked employees to be "more diligent" in doing so.

NOVELTIES

It Can't Top a Honus Wagner

At first glance, they may look like the heroes featured in traditional baseball cards, but the 36 hardball players immortalized in the *Savings & Loan Scandal Trading Cards* are best known not for their hits or their runs but for their headline-grabbing errors. Presidential favorite son Neil Bush, political puppet master Charles Keating and junk-bond giant Michael Milken are among the reluctant celebrities honored in the latest offering from California's Eclipse Enterprises, whose previous politically risqué parodies also feature palm-size portraits of front-page phenoms—such as Neil Bush's dad in *Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards*.



ENTERTAINMENT

Hitting Below Orion's Belt

The motion pictures of American angst-meister Woody Allen have never made a lot of money by Hollywood standards, but they are worth their weight in prestige. Which is why some of the world's most powerful movie studios behaved not unlike the shark in *Jaws* when word got around that after 11 films with Orion Pictures (including *Hannah and Her Sisters* his top earner for the studio at \$40 million), the director was considering at least a temporary move to another studio. Reason: de-

spite such recent cash coups as *Dances with Wolves* and *The Silence of the Lambs*, Orion carried a \$300 million bank debt from an earlier string of failures that made it unable to finance Allen's next project.

After weighing offers from Disney and 20th Century Fox, Allen announced last week that he would make his upcoming film for Sony-owned Tri-Star Pictures. A deciding factor was Tri-Star's chairman, Mike Medavoy, who was Orion's head of production for much of Allen's career and thus is familiar with Woody's singular style of filmmaking. If Orion fails to recover from its financial fix, the cineast's sabbatical may become a permanent leave.



Allen and co-star Mia Farrow in a moment from *Hannah and Her Sisters*



KIDNEY DISEASE Undergoing dialysis in Suffern, N.Y. Transplants are more common for whites.

DAVID YORK—MEDICORP

Health

Why Do Blacks Die Young?

The gap in life expectancy between the races in America remains wide. The search for the causes runs from poverty and prejudice to life-style.

By **CHRISTINE GORMAN**

The birth of a child is a time of joy and promise. In a land as rich as the U.S., all parents have the right to expect a life long and healthy for their sons and daughters. But the odds that this wish will come true are shockingly reduced if the baby happens to be black.

A white baby stands a 70% better chance of reaching its fourth birthday than a black child. And the average life expectancy of African Americans is 70.3 years, much less than the 76 years that white Americans can expect.

The life-spans of both races have lengthened over the decades, but the gap between white and black has remained stubbornly wide, and it increased sharply during the Reagan years, when many social programs that helped minorities were slashed. The gap has since begun to narrow, but it is just as large now as it was in 1982. This lack of progress has become one of the most studied issues of public health and one of the greatest challenges facing government policymakers. Why are blacks dying so much younger than whites?

One cause is the crime and violence

that plague many inner cities. Black boys between the ages of one and four are three times as likely as white toddlers to be the victims of homicide. Black teenagers are murdered six times as often as whites.

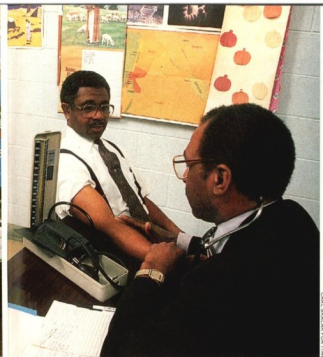
But crime is only a small part of the story. Study after study shows that blacks are just not as healthy as whites or other racial groups—at any age. Black toddlers are three times as likely as white youngsters to die from meningitis, pneumonia or influenza. Black men are three times as likely to contract AIDS, and 50% more likely to die from a heart attack, even if they make it to a hospital. Death from stroke is five times as common in African Americans of both sexes between the ages of 35 and 55. Advanced kidney disease is 15 to 20 times as common.

Better medical treatment and health education for African Americans could reduce the black-white mortality gap by an estimated 60%. "We have a whole segment of our population dying unnecessarily, and we're worried about whether to eat oat-bran or wheat-bran muffins," fumes Dr. David Ansell, director of ambulatory screening at Chicago's Cook County Hospital. "It's the medical equivalent of Marie

Antoinette's saying 'Let them eat cake.'"

Much of the difference between black and white life-spans results from poverty and discrimination. But the problem is a maddening mosaic involving many other factors as well. New evidence suggests that part of the reason blacks suffer more from high blood pressure, for example, may lie in genetics. Many analysts have also cited lack of preventive care and cultural differences—such as a fattier diet and a higher rate of smoking among blacks. None of these factors, however, can be completely separated from the others.

Poverty. One-third of African Americans live below the official poverty line (an income of \$12,000 a year for a family of four), in contrast to 12% of whites. Although the Medicaid program offers free treatment to the poorest citizens, many low-income working people are not fully insured. Moreover, the everyday struggle to survive often takes precedence over health care. "For many people the question may be 'Do I go to work today, or do I see the doctor?'" says Dr. Earl Scott, medical director of the Sydenham Clinic, part of a network of free clinics in Harlem.



HYPERTENSION A checkup in Cleveland.

Perils of living in poverty also take their toll. The sharing of contaminated needles among drug users speeds the spread of AIDS. Alcoholism, stress and poor diet help fuel increases in cardiovascular disease, diabetes, cancer and liver failure. A study in Washington found that 50% of black men living in public housing suffer from hypertension, in contrast to 20% of all black men in the city. And 25% of the projects' women suffer from diabetes, against 7% in Washington as a whole.

Unfortunately, preaching about health care can seem laughable in crime-ridden inner cities. "We went door to door in half a dozen black neighborhoods in St. Louis looking for young men who had significant hypertension," says Dr. H. Mitchell Perry of Washington University. "These guys said, 'Look, this is not my biggest problem.' They were wondering whether they would live to age 35."

Lack of Preventive Care. Measles, syphilis and other infectious diseases

staged deadly comebacks during the 1980s, hitting blacks particularly hard. Much of this increase can be tied to breakdowns in the public health system. In 1982, when the federal immunization program against measles was cut, health officials counted 1,700 cases nationally. Last year there were more than 27,000 cases—primarily in poor urban areas—with 89 deaths. In the early days of the AIDS epidemic, health officials cannibalized their syphilis programs, which had focused on the inner city, in order to combat the new threat. As a result, the incidence of syphilis among African Americans doubled between 1985 and 1989.

The high rate of infant mortality (18 per 1,000 births for blacks, vs. 9.2 per 1,000 for whites) results in large part from the lack of prenatal care, which is perhaps the most cost-effective type of health care available. Each dollar spent on prenatal care saves between \$3 and \$20 in medical expenses in the infant's first year of life alone. And yet total government funding for prenatal care—on both the local and



HEART ATTACK Did this Miami man's genes play a role?

federal levels—fell throughout the 1980s.

Meanwhile, fewer blacks are seeing private physicians than ever before. In 1977, 3 out of 5 were covered by private health insurance. By 1987, the ratio had dropped to less than half. Black doctors tend to treat more black patients than do their white colleagues. Yet the number of black doctors declined from 26,000 in 1984 to 16,000 last year, largely because federal scholarship programs for medical students have been cut back.

With nowhere else to go, many African Americans rely on the local emergency room for all their medical needs. "The emergency room may treat a patient's pneumonia, but it won't do a Pap smear or screen a woman for breast cancer," says Dr. Marc Rivo, director of the division of medicine at the Department of Health and Human Services. Without early detection, more than half of black women with breast cancer admitted to Harlem Hospital are already incurable, in contrast to 8% of whites at a nearby facility.

Discrimination. For unknown reasons—prejudice may be the only explanation—many doctors and hospitals do not treat blacks' medical problems as seriously as those of whites. In one study, researchers found that, regardless of income, blacks are half as likely as whites to receive bypass operations for their heart problems. Another investigation revealed that among patients undergoing dialysis for kidney disease, whites are 33% more likely to get a kidney transplant. A third study showed that blacks who were hospitalized for pneumonia received less-intensive treatment than whites.

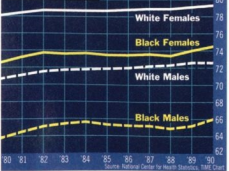
No doubt anticipating inferior care,

Causes of death

Age-adjusted rates per 100,000 in 1988

	WHITES	BLACKS
Heart disease	161.5	226.6
Cancer	130.0	171.3
Stroke	27.5	51.5
Diabetes	9.0	21.2
Liver disease	8.4	14.5
Asthma	1.1	3.5
Tuberculosis	0.3	2.1

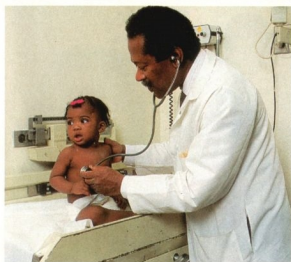
Life expectancy



Health



MIKE CLEMMER—PICTURE GROUP



NORMAN PARKER—AP/WIDE WORLD

From the Mississippi delta, where Bertha Thurman lends a heart and a hand, to the Sydenham Family Care Center in Harlem, prevention has become the watchword for improving black health

many blacks avoid doctors and hospitals altogether. Black women report a prevalent attitude among gynecologists that anything wrong might be the patient's own fault. "Back a few years ago, I was having excruciating abdominal pain, and I wound up at a hospital in my area," says Alicia Georges, who lives in the Bronx and is a professor of nursing at Lehman College. "The first thing they began to ask me was how many sexual partners I'd had. I was married and owned my own house. But immediately, in looking at me, they said, 'Oh, she just has pelvic inflammatory disease.'"

Life-Style. Louis Sullivan, Secretary of Health and Human Services and the highest-ranking black in the Bush Administration, warns African Americans not to exaggerate the effects of poverty and bias on their health. Says he: "The top 10 causes of premature death in our nation are significantly influenced by personal behavior and life-style choices." Sullivan has exhorted blacks to quit smoking, cut down on drinking and lose weight. Such personal initiative, he claims, "could eliminate up to 45% of deaths from cardiovascular disease, 23% of deaths from cancer and more than 50% of the disabling complications of diabetes."

The evidence tends to back him up. A half-century ago, blacks developed cancer less often than whites. Now, in large part because of smoking, the mortality rate for malignancies is 25% greater for blacks than it is for whites. Almost half of black women and one-third of black men are severely overweight, vs. one-fourth of white men and women. In addition, the salt in soul food can aggravate high blood pressure. "We have to teach people that diet is important," says Dr. Harold Freeman, a

surgeon at Harlem Hospital. "As the saying goes, if you can control your mouth, you can control your life."

Genetics. In a study of 50 black and 219 white physicians, who presumably have access to care and can make improvements in their diet, researchers found a marked difference in the ability to handle cholesterol. Compared with their white colleagues, the

A man living in Bangladesh has a better chance of reaching age 65 than a man in Harlem

black physicians exhibited higher blood levels of a type of lipoprotein believed to aggravate blockage of coronary arteries. Other research found that elderly black men are twice as likely to develop tuberculosis as white men living under the same socioeconomic conditions. Perhaps, scientists speculated, genetic differences affected the body's ability to knock out the bacteria.

More controversial has been the search for a hereditary factor underlying hypertension. Stress and diet are known to affect high blood pressure. Racism may also play a role. But "there is so much excess hypertension in blacks that it's inconceivable to me that these factors alone are the ones that balance the equation upward," says Dr. Elijah Saunders, a cardiologist at the University of Maryland Medical System. Some researchers have even suggested that African Americans have inherited a greater sensitivity to salt. But any explanation

along genetic lines will have to account for the fact that modern-day Africans do not appear to be particularly susceptible to high blood pressure.

However important it may be, genetics is not destiny. Nor is poverty, culture or racism insurmountable. In fact, a number of developing countries, working with meager budgets over the past 20 years, have surpassed many parts of the U.S. in health care. A man living in Bangladesh, one of the poorest nations, has a better chance of reaching age 65 than a man in Harlem.

Given the limited amount of government aid for preventive medicine, a few American communities have started up their own public-health-education programs. One of the most promising is in the Mississippi Delta counties of Humphreys and Leflore, where nearly half the primarily black population lives under the national poverty line. Three years ago, the Freedom from Hunger Foundation joined two state agencies to create the Partners for Improved Nutrition and Health. The program enlists volunteers, such as Bertha Thurman, to serve as health advisers in their communities. After completing a 10-week training course, Thurman has become a crucial bridge to the medical system. "We get called on to do everything from provide an aspirin to pay the utility bill," she says. "And we reinforce what the local health department has already mentioned to people."

This kind of self-help program is only a beginning. Secretary Sullivan's emphasis on individual responsibility is only a beginning. After decades of nothing but beginnings, governments at all levels need to put more effort into bridging the gap between black and white health. —Reported by Julie Johnson/Washington, Andrew Purvis/New York and Don Winbush/Atlanta

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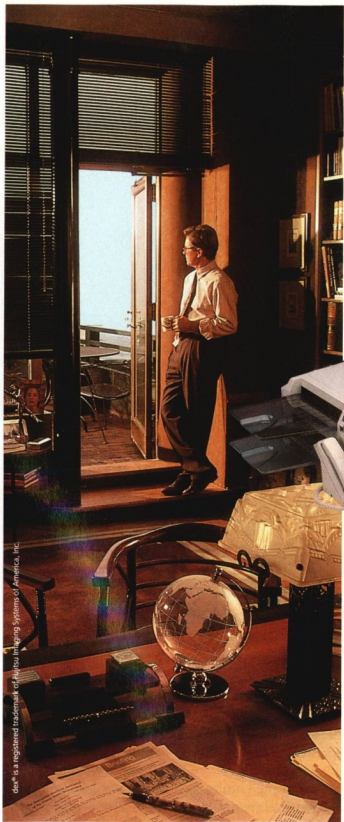
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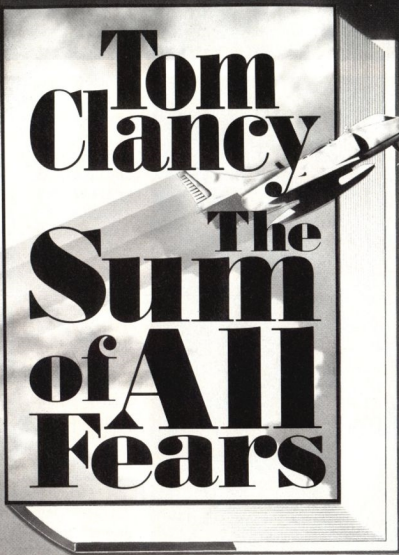
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A Mission Close to Home

Despite complaints about a \$30 billion price tag, NASA launches a vital program to take the planet's pulse

By JEROME CRAMER WASHINGTON



America's space program has spent billions of dollars and years of effort to produce detailed studies of the clouds of Venus and the craters of Mars. But in the future, NASA's researchers will need to pay closer attention to their home planet. As the earth's air, land and seas become ever more threatened by human overpopulation and industrial pollution, measuring the extent of the damage has become one of the most urgent missions of science.

This week the space shuttle *Discovery* is scheduled to deploy the first satellite in the Mission to Planet Earth, an ambitious, long-range program to monitor the planet's pulse. This particular satellite carries four instruments to gather information about the atmosphere's vital ozone layer. The most important goal is to measure how badly this fragile band, which protects the earth from the harmful ultraviolet rays in sunlight, is being depleted by the industrial chemicals known as CFCs.

Much more is on the drawing boards. During the next 15 years, NASA hopes to spend \$30 billion to \$40 billion to launch satellites containing dozens of instruments for the Earth Observing System (EOS), the centerpiece of Mission to Planet Earth. They will study the impact of such forces as global warming, deforestation and desertification. NASA will also use satellites from other nations and ground monitors to develop a baseline of information against which global change can be measured.

Despite its importance, the mission has not escaped criticism. When it was unveiled, detractors complained that, like the controversial space station Freedom, it could turn into a huge, unmanageable boondoggle. "NASA is obsessed with gigantism," contends Robert Park, director of the Washington office of the American Physical Society. "They want to accomplish good, solid environmental science," he says, but have proposed to do it with complex, untested hardware. The mammoth

price tag is also a concern. Richard Darman, head of the Office of Management and Budget, reportedly quipped, "I didn't know we needed a \$30 billion thermometer."

NASA's plan called not only for a series of small satellites but also for two large space platforms that would wind up holding the majority of the earth-sensing equipment. These could not be launched before the end of the decade. Scientists objected that locking many of the instruments aboard just two craft would make the program inflexible. If new discoveries were made during the mission, how could the platforms be redesigned to accommodate unplanned research? Moreover, a Hubble-like glitch or catastrophic accident could wipe out a major portion of the project. Says Tom Donahue, a University of Michigan professor of planetary science: "NASA didn't seem to realize that it was putting too many eggs into one basket."

Another question is how to gather, store, translate and distribute the raw data developed during the project. NASA critics contend that the agency now has reams of information from space missions that no one ever examines, and the Earth Observing System could require major new storage facilities consuming about 60% of the mission's budget. "Creating a library is a huge task in itself," says Congressman Bob Traxler of Michigan, in whose district part of the library is to be built.

In response to the criticisms, Congress and the White House have put pressure on

NASA to improve its proposal, perhaps by launching six smaller space platforms instead of two large ones. Admits agency spokesman Gregory Wilson: "There is a lot of heat on NASA to accomplish EOS more quickly using smaller missions." NASA has set up an "engineering review panel" to study suggestions for the mission. It will release its report within the next few weeks, and NASA is expected to go along with any proposed changes. Says Edward Frieman, chairman of the panel: "We found ways to do it faster and make it more flexible, but not cheaper."

Cheaper ways might be found if the project's budget were not partly the product of pork-barrel politics. For example, Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland will track and coordinate a large portion of the project. Maryland Senator Barbara Mikulski is chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee handling NASA funding. Major contracts have been spread out among aerospace firms in the politically important states of California, Pennsylvania and New York. NASA has learned a lesson from the Pentagon: a program will fly politically if it involves a popular cause, promises to spread lots of money through key congressional districts and guarantees contracts to companies with strong lobbying clout in Washington.

In this case, NASA appears to have picked a winner. The agency needs to refine its plans, but Congress will eventually come up with \$30 billion or more, if that's what it takes. "It's a small price to pay to help save the planet," says John Logsdon, a space-policy expert at George Washington University. After the disasters with the shuttle program, the Hubble telescope and the Galileo probe to Jupiter, the Mission to Planet Earth gives NASA a chance to take a flight back to respectability. ■

THE FIRST CRAFT ON A MISSION TO PLANET EARTH

Known as the Upper Atmosphere Research Satellite, it contains four instruments that will study the earth's protective ozone layer during the next 18 months. For a few months each year, scientists have found that layer becomes severely depleted over Antarctica. The satellite will accurately measure the size and dynamics of the ozone "hole" and help researchers gain a better understanding of what causes it.



COVER STORIES

Tough Choice

Lamar Alexander claims to have a cure for the sorry U.S. public-school system. Right or wrong, something must be done.

By **WALTER SHAPIRO**



Education, then, beyond all other devices of human origin, is a great equalizer of conditions of men—the balance wheel of the social machinery.

—Horace Mann, 1848

How noble the dream, how ignoble the modern reality. Mann's crowning achievement was the 19th century American common school, a place where children from all backgrounds could nurture democracy through a shared educational experience. Not very long ago, that vision seemed an eternal virtue, enshrined in the public-school system. But over the past generation, the balance wheel of the social machinery began to wobble badly. American schools today, as any parent knows, are anything but equal. And education, rather than bringing students together, has become a social dividing line, separating children rich with choices in life from those doomed to have nearly none.

The crisis of the common school, the American public school, is that all too commonly it fails to educate. By almost every measure, the nation's schools are mired in mediocrity—and most Americans know it. Whether it is an inner-city high school with as many security checkpoints as a Third World airport, or a suburban middle school where only "geeks" bother to do their homework, the school too often has become a place in which to serve time rather than to learn. The results are grimly apparent: clerks at fast-food restaurants who need computerized cash registers to show them how to make change; Americans who can drive but cannot read the road signs; a democracy in which an informed voter is a statistical oddity.

Since the 1950s and the era of *Why Johnny Can't Read*, Americans have worried about the quality of their schools. But this time around, the focus of that anxiety, even desperation, is not the teachers, the curriculum or the school budgets. Instead, public education itself, the very notion that government should run the schools, is under attack. Powerful figures, including

President George Bush and his Education Secretary, Lamar Alexander, have begun to assail the public schools as a self-satisfied, self-protective monopoly that needs to feel the hot breath of free-market competition. They pose a radical alternative: rather than one common school for all, many kinds of schools—public and private—competing for students, government funds and excellence, with parents and children of all walks of life free to choose among them.

This evolving movement—an odd amalgam of supply-side conservatives, frustrated educational reformers and a handful of militant black politicians—has begun to take shape on the national stage. Under the banner of "school choice," its adherents are pressing for some form of public financing to cover student tuition at private and even parochial schools. If cost were not a barrier, these schools could then compete with public schools for students.

No issue cuts closer to the core of America's sense of itself than the character of its public schools, for education is the function of government closest to the people. A lack of confidence in the public schools is nothing less than a failure of the state—different in degree, but not kind, from food lines in the communist Soviet Union. And the Bush Administration's impulse to rely on free-market forces in education has strong echoes in the surge to privatize state-owned industry and bureaucracy, not only across the U.S. but also around the world.

But Choice, the latest answer to the education crisis, raises other questions. If the free market is the only anti-

note to top-heavy school bureaucracies and time-serving teachers, is America fast becoming an Ayn Rand universe in which everything—even the education of the young—is measured only by its price? Can government provide enough money to open the better private schools to all students? Is Choice merely a scheme to perform triage on failing inner-city schools, al-

WISCONSIN

Last September, Milwaukee offered low-income parents the option of using vouchers worth \$2,500 each for enrollment in private, nonsectarian schools. The plan is being challenged in the courts, and only a few students have been involved: 258 of 1,000 who were eligible. Directors of the five small inner-city private schools in the plan claim to be pleased with the newcomers' performances, though the adjustment was difficult: the 101 Choice students at one school, for example, entered the institution behind their peers academically. The Milwaukee experiment is too small to be fully evaluated, but many of the children who were lagging as that year began are now reading at grade level.



Language class at the private Woodlands School in Milwaukee

lowing a few motivated students to escape and leaving the rest to fend for themselves?

With only a handful of educational experiments to point to—and none a valid test of truly free parental Choice—these questions defy clear-cut answers. Still, throughout the country there is a growing movement to make the traditional educational system less arbitrary and to grant parents more choices, often among competing public schools. But in no school district in the nation do parents have an unlimited right to pick any school for their children—that is, of course, unless they are able to pay private-school tuition.

This is the central tenet of the Choice argument: today most parents can select their children's schools, except the poor. Affluent parents exercise choice in the real estate market when they shop around to buy the right house in the right school dis-

HOW BUSH'S CHOICE PLAN WOULD WORK

States would pay for students to attend any school they selected—even private or parochial institutions.

Washington would:

- Offer \$30 million in grants for states to design school Choice experiments.
- Provide \$200 million to help disadvantaged students participate in Choice programs.
- Change existing laws so that disadvantaged students would not lose federal aid if they changed schools under Choice programs, a reform worth as much as \$5.5 billion.

trict. A choice of good schools was the lure as millions of middle-class white families fled the central cities during the past 40 years, leaving behind education systems unalterably segregated by race and class. Urban families that can scrape up tuition have flocked to parochial and other private schools. As Chester Finn Jr., a former Assistant Secretary of Education, puts it, "The only people who can't flee inner-city schools are the residents of the inner city."

True enough, but even with that ineq-

uity in mind, it remains murky how Choice might work in practice. The idea has its roots in the "voucher system," first proposed by conservative economist Milton Friedman in 1955, which would abolish existing school budgets and turn the money into tuition grants that students could use to enroll anywhere. This extreme free-market proposal would literally destroy the public schools in order to save them.

Few advocates of Choice are willing to go that far. Instead, the most plausible idea is a system of tuition grants large enough to enable all parents to afford a wide array of private and perhaps parochial or other religious schools, if that is what they think best for their children's education. Public schools would continue to operate, but each would have to justify its existence by attracting enough students in this new educational free market. This form of Choice gained mainstream re-





MASSACHUSETTS

Since 1981, the 7,700 students of the Cambridge school system have been able to name the three public schools they would prefer to attend; final assignment depends on available space and racial balance. The 14 district schools offer specialties ranging from classes for the academically gifted to remedial-reading groups. High school students can select from nine programs that include teenage parenting and work-study arrangements. During the past four years, reading and math scores have improved district-wide and the dropout rate has decreased. Parents generally laud the system but are concerned that some programs are superior to others.

Climbing high in Cambridge's Robert F. Kennedy School

spectability last year when the Brookings Institution, a liberal Washington think tank, published *Politics, Markets, and America's Schools*, by John E. Chubb and Terry M. Moe. The Brookings plan mandates a key role for state and local governments in monitoring school quality, educating parents and creating financial incentives for private schools to enroll disadvantaged students.

Well-intentioned policy proposals are as common a coinage in Washington as unproduced movie scripts are in Hollywood. Star power is what gets an idea off the shelf: a presidential endorsement is the governmental equivalent of a phone call from Kevin Costner. Bush, unveiling his educational strategy in mid-April, included this provocative passage: "It's time parents were free to choose the schools that their children attend. This approach will create the competitive climate that stimulates excellence in our private and parochial schools as well." For the first time, a President has made it a priority to question the monopoly power of America's public schools. In a few years, Choice has moved from the intellectual fringe to the bully pulpit of the White House.

Make no mistake, a major part of the allure of Choice in the frugal '90s is that it promises a radical restructuring of American schools with a minimal investment of federal funds. To buttress the Bush education strategy, the White House has offered legislative proposals that request \$230 million to support state and local Choice experiments. That is only a little more than

the total that the National League charged Miami and Denver groups for their baseball expansion franchises.

Rhetorically, at least, the Bush team is sparing no expense to embrace a far-reaching definition of Choice—including aid to parochial schools, if that will pass the hurdle of the First Amendment. Education Secretary Alexander has called government support of parochial-school students "as American as apple pie." Although the Administration would largely let the states set their own rules for Choice experiments, Alexander hopes eventually to erode the ironclad distinction between public and private education.

Despite the Administration's zeal, there are grave doubts whether Congress or the electorate is eager to enlist under the banners of unfettered Choice. The nation's 2.3 million-member teachers' unions and most other education groups are downright hostile toward aid to private or religious schools. Michael Casserly, a public-school lobbyist in Washington, predicts that Congress will not "turn over public money to private schools when the members believe the Administration is not doing all it can on public schools."

Strong public antipathy to aiding private and sectarian schools complicates the Choice debate. The issue is ready-made for grandstanding, even demagoguery. Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, hypothetically asks, "Do we really want tax dollars supporting Muslim schools that teach their students it is an obligation to assassinate Salman Rush-

die?" These hyperbolic comments from the senior statesman of teachers'-union leaders underline how divisive church-state questions are in education.

But to bar all religious schools from participating in Choice experiments would automatically toss out Roman Catholic parochial schools—the often successful large-scale competitor to troubled inner-city public schools. As political scientist Chubb, one of the authors of the Brookings plan, says, "We would insist that if there is genuine Choice, there has to be genuine competition. If there is competition, there must be alternative providers other than the existing public schools."

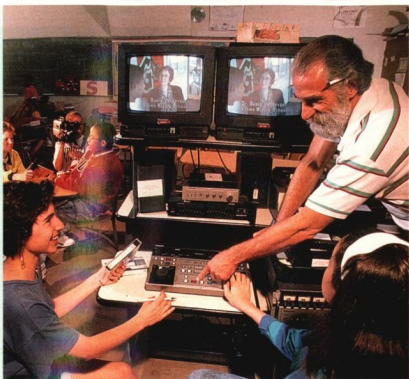
With few empty seats in most private and parochial schools, a valid test of Choice requires a dramatic expansion of the supply side. Otherwise, the risk is that Choice will prove to be little more than a government subsidy to parents who already pay private or parochial tuition for their children. Yet the Bush Administration cannot mandate the creation of alternative schools. Washington can goad and coax with the carrot of federal money, but revamping public education is largely beyond the purview of the White House and Congress.

Nonetheless, the traditional structure of public education, where students are assigned to schools by fiat, is under a sustained assault. The Bush plan perhaps should be regarded as a clever White House effort to put its imprimatur on a popular rebellion that was already reshaping educational policy from the grass roots

CALIFORNIA

The Richmond unified school district, northeast of San Francisco, adopted a Choice program in 1988—and it was costly. All 47 schools became specialized. Along with a basic curriculum, elementary- and secondary-school pupils could select from among 250 programs; courses included computer science and video production. Dropout numbers shrank and school-attendance rates improved, but student test scores were mostly unchanged. To hire new teachers and purchase classroom equipment, the district piled up a \$29 million debt. This year Richmond declared itself bankrupt, and students completed the last semester after a court ruled that the state had to keep schools open.

Making videos in a class at Richmond's Adams Middle School



up. Local school bureaucracies are already under siege from a variety of forces—innovative Governors, activist courts, maverick educators and aroused parents.

These potentially explosive changes, all happening beyond the orbit of Washington policymakers, include:

PUBLIC-SCHOOL CHOICE. The alternative-schools movement of the early 1970s gave parents in some cities options beyond sending their children to the neighborhood school. Prodded by desegregation orders from the courts, many urban school districts now practice open enrollment, which permits parents to place their children in any public school with vacant seats as long as racial balance is maintained. Some of these public-school Choice experiments (notably Cambridge, Mass.; St. Paul; and a New York City district in East Harlem) have been praised for encouraging innovation and raising student performance.

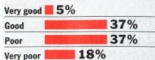
Beginning with Minnesota in 1988, and followed by Arkansas, roughly 15 states have taken the next step and have enacted or are seriously debating legislation to allow children to attend public schools outside their own districts. Again, such cross-district transfers are generally not

permitted if they would undermine racial balance; white students, for example, cannot opt out of schools in Minneapolis or Little Rock. So far, few parents have taken advantage of their newly found freedom; in Minnesota about 1% of the state's students have attended schools outside the districts where they reside. Choice advocates believe that the principle is as important as any numerical test. "People need to know they can walk away from bad schools," argues Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton. "Choice changes the psychology of it."

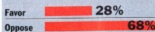
The consensus in Minnesota—the state with the largest open-enrollment plan—is

that public-school Choice works as far as it goes. True, there is some evidence that black and Hispanic parents, in particular, receive limited information about their school options. Transportation costs also could become a public burden if many more students decide to cross district lines. "Open enrollment has been fully in effect for only one year," summarizes Van Mueller, a professor of education policy at the University of Minnesota. "We don't know much, but almost all the participants are pretty happy with it. And most parents made their choice based on academics, not on finding the best soccer coach."

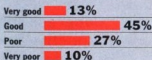
What kind of job are U.S. public schools doing educating children?



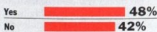
Do you favor or oppose using public-education money to give parents a choice of sending their children to private or religious schools?



What kind of job are public schools in your community doing educating children?



Is it a good idea to give parents more choice over the schools their children attend even if some schools would be nearly all white and others all black?



From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on May 8 by Frankovich Clancy Shuman. Sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%. "Not sure" omitted.

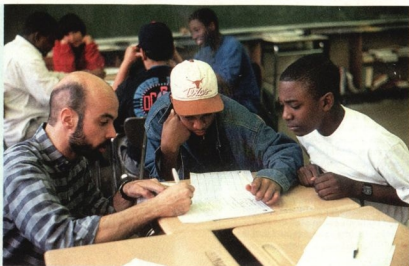
TIME Chart

Education

NEW YORK

Manhattan's District 4 once had an abysmal attendance rate and the city's lowest reading scores. The East Harlem area's 20 school buildings have been reorganized to contain 52 separately run institutions in order to give children a greater sense of community. Junior high students can choose among 23 schools, some with a traditional curriculum and others with a specific focus. This year the district was No. 2 in reading in Manhattan, and attendance among its 14,000 students stood at 90%.

Delving into science at Central Park East Secondary School in East Harlem



and whittled down in size. "What about the common school?" Williams asks in response to her critics. "How come nobody talked about destroying the system when the whites left? Now they want to block poor kids from leaving."

But what can a 258-student experiment reveal about how a free market in education would work? There are, after all, 97,000 students in the Milwaukee public schools. Without greater funding and many more alternative schools, the voucher plan will remain mostly a symbol of black anger at the quality of public education. Herbert Grover, Wisconsin's superin-

tendent of public instruction and a fierce opponent of the voucher program, argues, "Our preppy President went to Phillips Academy, which costs about \$13,000 a year. But it's O.K. to set a limit of \$2,500 for little black kids."

Polly Williams has inspired free-market visionaries elsewhere in the country. A proposal to provide tuition vouchers for 5,000 students in troubled New York schools was defeated this summer by the State Board of Regents by a surprisingly narrow margin. And a private corporation, the Golden Rule Insurance Co., has pledged to donate \$1.2 million over the

next three years to help 748 inner-city students in Indianapolis attend private schools.

CORPORATE SCHOOLS. Despite the pro-business rhetoric of national life, America has always been wary of mixing the profit motive with education. Private schools are usually run by not-for-profit boards rather than corporations worrying about second-quarter earnings. But in the middle-class suburb of Eagan, Minn., just south of St. Paul, Tesseract is a 200-student private elementary school run as a business by Education Alternatives, a for-profit company

Breaching the Church-State Wall

In proposing a voucher system that would subsidize the tuition of children who choose parochial schools, the Bush Administration is confronting one of the nation's sacrosanct principles: the First Amendment's stricture against "establishment of religion" creates a wall between church and state. That hurdle, while high, may not be impossible to surmount. Over the years the Supreme Court has wrestled with the distinction between direct funding of religious institutions, which is forbidden, and indirect aid that is designed to serve a secular purpose, which may be permissible.

One guiding interpretation is the court's 1947 *Everson v. Board of Education* decision, which said public money could be spent on busing New Jersey parochial school students because it benefited the children. But funds could not go directly to the school involved because tax money could not be used to support any "institution which teaches the tenets and faith of any church." In 1971 the court strengthened that position further when it ruled in *Lemon v. Kurtzman* that the state could

not reimburse private religious schools for the costs of teaching secular subjects. Chief Justice Warren Burger set forth a stiff tripartite test for legitimate government aid. There must be a secular purpose; the principal effect must neither advance nor limit religion; nothing done should foster "an excessive government entanglement with religion."

In recent years the court has been divided on the proper scope of government aid—direct or indirect—to sectarian schools. In 1983, by a 5-to-4 vote, it let stand a Minnesota law that permits parents to deduct parochial school tuition from their state income taxes.

Many experts believe there is a good chance the court would uphold a voucher plan like the one the Administration proposes. "It is exceedingly unlikely that this will be seen as a forbidden form of establishment," says Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe, a leading constitutional scholar. "Given the existing doctrine about the separation of church and state, I do not see a serious First Amendment problem in a reasonably written voucher program." ■

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ."

Education

MINNESOTA

Last fall a program went into effect allowing students to enroll in any public school anywhere in the state. There are two restrictions: mandated racial balances in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth must be maintained, and lack of available space at any school is cause for refusing admission. In the 1990-91 school year, 5,940 of 740,000 students made the switch; although this is a tiny minority—less than 1% of those eligible—state educators think the system will have long-term benefits. Small rural communities, for example, are creating magnet schools to attract new pupils. As a result of the plan, and related choice programs, more Minnesota students say they are satisfied with their schools, more are aiming for college, and some dropouts are returning.

Introduction to learning in St. Paul's Downtown Kindergarten Magnet



spun off in 1986 from multibillion-dollar Control Data. With Spanish lessons in the preschool, dozens of computers in the elementary grades and free-flowing wall-less classrooms, the school appears a success, though the secret seems more a dedicated staff flocking to an educational experiment than the magic elixir of the profit motive.

Education Alternatives originally envisioned running a national chain of for-profit schools. Instead, the company soon realized its primary skills were in teaching and management, not bricks and mortar. Last week, in another intriguing experiment, the company began operating a new public elementary school in an impoverished Hispanic neighborhood in Miami Beach. The firm has a contract from the Dade County school system, which was desperate to try new managerial techniques. "If we succeed with public-school teachers and these children in Dade County," says Kathryn Thomas, who oversees the project for Education Alternatives, "it will be Katie bar the door."

Far more ambitious are the aims of entrepreneur Chris Whittle, whose company, Whittle Communications, is partly owned by Time Warner. (Last week the Manhattan investment firm Forstmann Little & Co. agreed to buy a one-third interest for

\$350 million.) Whittle has announced plans to spend up to \$3 billion to create a coast-to-coast network of for-profit private schools that theoretically could enroll 2 million students by the year 2010. What Whittle—and other corporations that may follow in its wake—adds to the Choice debate is the potential to vastly expand the supply of schools that might compete with the public sector. But the stigma surrounding profitmaking schools makes even the Bush Administration nervous. "We don't see moving in the direction of for-profit public schools," says Assistant Secretary of Education Bruno Manno. "Our plan is more closely along the lines of supporting what's in the not-for-profit sector."

Still, new schools might embrace new social roles as they compete for "customers" by providing a greater array of services. This notion is buttressed by a two-year assessment of U.S. school systems sponsored by the advertising firm of Young & Rubicam. The researchers warned that the schools had become an inadequate receptacle for America's social problems. In response, they called for the creation of new types of schools, especially in the inner cities. Such schools would go beyond their traditional educational role to function as all-day community centers

that would provide social-welfare services, medical clinics and a healthy after-school environment.

Author Nicholas Lemann in *The Promised Land*—his best-selling study of black migration from the South—demonstrates that "community action" became a linchpin of the 1960s War on Poverty, even though few policymakers understood its mischievous implications. Lemann quotes a key Johnson Administration official as saying that community action (mobilizing the poor to pressure the local political establishment) "might lead somewhere, but we didn't know where." What makes this historical point relevant and disconcerting is that the same can be said about current White House support for unrestricted Choice: no one knows what it will produce. For as Bush White House domestic policy adviser Roger Porter puts it, "The Administration is committed to shaking up the system and breaking the mold."

In the end, almost all educational debates in America come down to questions of race and class. So too with Choice: What would it mean for students trapped in the holding-pen schools of the inner city? What are its implications for racial balance in the South, where the very word Choice conjures up white

flight to private academies in the 1960s and '70s? Can the nation offer parents true educational choice without formally abandoning the ever-elusive goal of school desegregation?

Once again, there is little objective evidence, only personal speculation. David Bennett just stepped down as school superintendent in St. Paul to become president of Education Alternatives, the company that runs the Tesseract schools. It is easy to imagine that Bennett, a proponent of public-school open enrollment, would be a missionary for unrestricted Choice in his private-sector role. Not quite. "No matter how you dress up a voucher system," Bennett says, "the poverty kids will end up with the short end of the stick." In any game of educational musical chairs, someone has to lose. And almost certainly, the last student

stuck in a failing school will come from an impoverished background.

Many Choice proponents, like Chester Finn—whose proposals for reform appear in a new book, *We Must Take Charge*—do not believe school competition will cure all the ills of urban education. Still, Finn asks the blunt question: "Under Choice, would the kids attending inner-city schools be any worse off than they are today?" There is something irredeemably tragic about the question. But equally sad is the difficulty of framing either an affirmative answer or a plausible alternative vision for dramatically uplifting disadvantaged students.

The bitter truth is that American schools have become a reflection of the nation itself: divided by race, class and aspiration—and all too often animated by no higher calling than the selfish preservation

of the status quo. A decade of educational reforms has produced incremental results, laudable but limited. Against this bleak landscape, Choice might—just might—be worth the gamble as a way to radically transform the nation's schools in time to help educate today's children.

Early in the century, Louis Brandeis called state governments the laboratories of democracy. The phrase has become patriotic boilerplate, but in education the truth endures. No social experiment is more worthy than for an entire state—with a significant minority population—to embark on a true test of unrestricted Choice, complete with the participation of private, parochial and for-profit schools. The risks are grave, but so are the consequences of continued educational mediocrity.

—With reporting by

Sam Allis/Little Rock

Britain's Brand of Choice

By JILL SMOLOWE

George Bush's ideas about school choice bear a strong resemblance to portions of former British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's 1988 Education Reform Act. Under this plan, England's education standards were unified under a national curriculum. District lines within the public system were eased to allow open enrollment at any of the 23,000 primary and secondary schools, and schools are assuming greater control over their own budgets, without interference from district authorities. Most pointedly, the government pledged that state money, an average of \$2,550 per student annually, would follow pupils to their public school of choice.

The Thatcher plan also offers a radical choice for which there is, as yet, no U.S. equivalent. Individual public schools may "opt out" of local school systems and instead receive funding directly from the national government. With this declaration of independence, a school's headmaster and a governing body that includes parents become responsible for most decisions, from hiring teachers to spending priorities. Because opt-outs do not lose a portion of their budgets to district-authority overhead, they often have money for more books, new facilities and additional teachers.

To opt out, a school must first secure the consent of a majority of its students' parents. In the two years since Thatcher's plan went into effect, 102 schools have cut their ties; 11 are on the verge of final action; 88 more await government approval. They are the first patches in a quilt of autonomous schools—which are tax supported and tuition free but in effect can operate as if they were privately run—that the country's Conservative government hopes will blanket the country.

Do opt-outs live up to the Thatcherite vision of efficiency and competitive excellence? Two years ago, Hendon, a public secondary school in north London, faced dissolution and the merger of its dwindling student population into a nearby school. Today, as an institution that opted out, Hendon, with 850 students, gets two applications for every available place. (Students with hearing problems and learning disabilities are given priority.) Since it changed status in 1989, Hendon has doubled spending

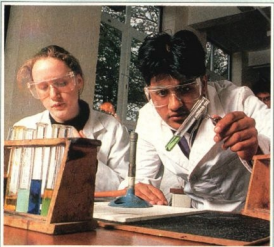
on books and teaching materials and quadrupled its payout for classroom equipment and furniture. Money that once disappeared into bureaucratic coffers has hired more support staff and refurbished a computer lab. Parents have also been galvanized: they are painting the school's walls for free in order to save money for books and other educational tools.

Foes of the program warn that successes like Hendon do not reflect the real impact of the program. Schools that opt out disrupt county planning efforts and drain from districts money that traditionally has been applied to a wide range of services, including the provision of child psychologists, substitute teachers and special-

education instructors. Says Margaret Maden, the chief education officer of Warwickshire: "Opting out takes money from the system as a whole and affects the schools that are left."

Many educators also warn that opting out may mean sliding back into the class-based system of education that divided England into elite schools for the Oxbridge bound and lesser places for everyone else. "Better schools get better; worse schools risk terminal decline," says Tony Edwards, an education professor at the University of Newcastle. But for those who try it, Britain's version of Choice seems to deliver considerable rewards.

—Reported by Anne Constable/London



Chemistry class in London: Living up to the Thatcherite vision?

George Bush's Point Man

The Education Secretary is putting his political skills—and his ambitions—on the line to sell Choice to Capitol Hill

By SAM ALLIS WASHINGTON



Author Alex Haley and his friend Lamar Alexander booked passage together in 1988 on a cargo ship from California to Australia, aiming to write books away from the distractions of their Tennessee home base. Every evening the pair would emerge from a day of writing in their cabins to watch the "green flash," which can sometimes be seen just before the sun disappears below the horizon. "He'd talk, and I'd listen," Haley recalls. "Lamar talked night after night about the desperate need to improve American education. It was in his marrow. He felt impotent to do the things that needed to be done."

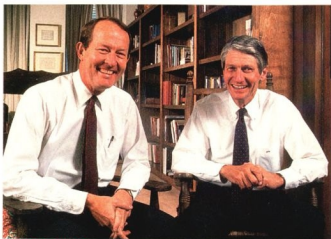
Alexander is frustrated no longer. He is now the point man for George Bush's educational goals, including the idea of school Choice, and he is using his soft-spoken salesmanship to market them to Congress and the American public. The role is the most challenging yet for the man named by Bush as Secretary of Education last December, whose mild and courteous demeanor masks a high-octane ambition. His goal is to transform the Department of Education, which Ronald Reagan once pledged to abolish, from a backwater operation in the shadow of the Air and Space Museum into one of Washington's leading domestic agencies.

Alexander, 51, brings a degree of political acumen to his job that was never seen under predecessors Lauro Cavazos and William Bennett. He learned from masters, serving first as an aide to Tennessee Senator Howard Baker and then in the Nixon White House before emerging in his own right as a two-term Republican Governor (1979-87). This background gives him a big advantage when he travels to Capitol Hill, as he often does, to lobby for his program. He understands compromise. "I can work with a guy like that," says William Ford, the crusty House education committee chairman.

But behind the agreeable exterior is a flinty vision of American public education and its various ills that is sweeping in its condemnation. "The problem is the sys-

tem," he says flatly. Alexander refers to the Supreme Court as "an obstacle" blocking the use of tax dollars for religious schools. He is wound tighter than he looks. His celebrated affability sometimes cracks when challenged—when he is asked, for example, why his younger son William attends a Washington private school rather than a school in the public system. "I chose it because I like it," he snaps.

The boyish-looking, sandy-haired native of the small east Tennessee town of Maryville forgets nothing. "If he ever met you, he'll remember you," says Haley. Alexander is an inveterate notetaker, scribbling reminders about all sorts of ideas and



TEAM PLAYERS Alexander, left, and Deputy Secretary Kearns: seeking to transform a backwater into one of Washington's leading agencies

activities on clipboard pads or handy scraps of paper. On his sea voyage—where he was writing *Six Months Off*, a memoir of stepping out of his professional life—Alexander made a list of things to be accomplished each day and crossed them off each evening. "If he has a fault, it is that he is not much at having a whole helluva lot of fun," says Haley.

The sense of discipline comes from his mother Florence, a no-nonsense woman who ran a nursery school in her backyard, and his late father Andrew, who served briefly as an elementary school principal. Lamar began piano lessons at four and studied diligently through his freshman year at Vanderbilt. Today he can deftly play Chopin or pound out rocket-ton country piano, as he did in Bourbon Street watering holes while clerking for Federal Judge John Minor Wisdom after his 1965

graduation from New York University law school.

As Governor, he pushed through a 10-point program to improve public education in Tennessee (including classroom computers and merit pay for teachers) and a 1¢-on-the-dollar sales tax to pay for it. Bush liked what he saw and sought Alexander's counsel periodically on education matters. The two get along well, and Alexander's wife Honey is a friend of Barbara Bush's from Texas. This background leads to speculation that his brand of progressive Republicanism and his Southern political base would make him an attractive alternative to Dan Quayle as a vice-presidential candidate in 1992.

But not everyone is enamored of Alexander's record as an education Governor. "He brought education to the forefront as a topic at everyone's kitchen table," concedes Relzie Payton, president of the Tennessee Education Association, the state teachers' union. But Alexander was also a tireless self-promoter, she argues, whose follow-through was less impressive than his goals. Alexander's educational efforts in Tennessee have met with mixed success, and, Payton adds, "Choice was mentioned, if at all, in passing while he was Governor."

So far, the new Education Secretary has received high marks for his energy and the caliber of his appointments. Directly under him as Deputy Secretary is David Kearns, 61, former chairman of Xerox Corp. Kearns will be, in Alexander's words, "my chief operating officer" and will spearhead a drive to raise \$150 million from business for innovative schooling ideas.

Another interesting selection is Diane Ravitch, the incisive conservative thinker and education historian from Columbia University who has defended pluralism on college campuses against the assault of censorious "political correctness." Ravitch is in charge of the Office of Educational Research and Improvement and also serves as counselor to Alexander.

No one has ever accused Lamar Alexander of lacking confidence, either in his ideas or in himself. "Five years from now, Choice will not be an issue," he serenely predicts. Instead, he insists, it will be the foundation for a transformed system of education that has long been his political and personal dream. Whether that is confidence or evidence of a quietly unbending temperament is something only he can prove.

IN OVER 30 YEARS AS A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER, Chi Chi Rodriguez has won many titles.

But in Clearwater, Florida there are 500 kids who have given the champion golfer a title which he cherishes more than any other.

To them he is simply "Uncle Chi Chi."

"These kids and I have a lot in common," says the leading Senior Golf Tour winner, "We've all spent a lot of time in the rough."

For the last 12 years, keeping kids out of the rough has been the mission of a dedicated group of people who together make up the Chi Chi Rodriguez Youth Foundation.

A foundation which has grown to become a model for child welfare organizations across the country.

Bill Hayes, President and Co-founder, explains. "Most of our kids have had it pretty tough. They've had troubles at home or at school. Or they may have just started mixing with the wrong crowds."

"What we aim to do is get these kids before they get into real trouble. To show them real alternatives to crime, drugs and life on the streets.

"Having Chi Chi as an uncle provides

"TO HELP
these
KIDS
fight
BACK,
we arm
THEM WITH
clubs."

CHI CHI RODRIGUEZ,

Pro Golfer.



©1991 Toyota Motor Corporation, North America, Inc.

them with a perfect role model. He's living proof that no matter how hard your background has been, you can always rise above it; that in life, unlike golf, no obstacle is immovable."

Since 1986 Toyota has been one of the major supporters of the Chi Chi Rodriguez Youth Foundation. Providing money to keep the program on its feet, and vehicles to keep the volunteers off theirs.

The Foundation is just one of the hundreds of contributions Toyota is proud to make every year. And one that already seems to be paying off.

"Chi Chi kids are graduating from college," states Bill. "They're getting jobs. We've even a couple of budding golf pros in our midst."

We asked the proud "Uncle" if there was any secret formula for the foundation's remarkable success story.

Chi Chi thinks for a minute, then leans forward to tell a story.

"When I was a young boy in Puerto Rico, we had a little field which was overgrown with thick bamboo trees. My father wanted to plant corn, but clearing the bamboo would have taken weeks.

Time he couldn't afford to take

off his job.

"So every night when he came home from work he would cut down only one single piece of bamboo at a time.

"The very next spring, there was corn on the Rodriguez table."

Chi Chi looks up just in time to see a ten-year-old girl sink a perfect putt.

"That's the only secret of our success. If you really want something and you're prepared to work hard for it, then little by little, one by one, miracles will happen."

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

Sport

The Tactics Of Tantrums

For some athletes, getting mad is a way to do better than get even

Over the years, Jimmy Connors has treated spectators to phenomenal displays of tennis and temper—and at the U.S. Open last week, he exhibited both again. In the second set of a match against Aaron Krickstein, Connors flared up when the umpire overruled a linesman and called one of his passing shots wide. In a one-minute tantrum, the 39-year-old, five-time Open winner called the offending official “a bum,” “a son of a bitch” and “an abortion.” From then on, Connors played brilliantly, and he took the 4-hr. 41-min. match in a tempestuous tie breaker, before advancing again three days later.

The abuse, though it drew no penalty from Open officials, appalled many onlookers. Some longtime Connors watchers, however, recognized that such displays may be an integral, even calculated, part of Connors' game. “The world may see a spoiled brat,” observes David Pargman, a sports psychologist at Florida State University, in Tallahassee, “but some elite athletes turn on the anger strategically.”

In sports ranging from baseball to



Connors flares up at the Open

football to hockey, agrees Cal Botterill, a psychologist who works with the Chicago Blackhawks, “the very best athletes can use their emotions—and anger is one of them—to push their performance up.” In fact, a baseball adage has it that managers prefer players who get mad. Anger steps up the body's pitch: blood pressure rises, heart and respiration rates quicken, and adrenaline surges. That may sharpen performance by heightening alertness, boosting energy and speeding up reactions.

Some athletes use hostile emotions to catapult themselves into fiercer play. Toronto Blue Jays pitcher Dave Stieb is one. “It might allow me to throw my next pitch harder or concentrate harder,” he says. Others cultivate anger as part of their game preparation. Sports psychologist Bruce Ogilvie of Los Gatos, Calif., recalls that one great football defensive end, now retired, worked himself up for Sunday competition by starting to fantasize on Thursday that his opponent had raped his wife.

Men more than women seem to draw on anger as a tool, but it is decidedly double-edged. In a sport like golf, which depends on fine motor control, rage can spell disaster. In football, anger may help power up a blitzing lineman, but it can impair a quarterback's judgment.

Some experts believe anger is a vastly overrated asset. Says Jerry May of the University of Nevada at Reno: “It leads to inconsistent results. Anger can tighten muscles and increase the risk of injury.” May, who chairs the U.S. Olympic Sports Psychology Committee, makes an analogy with sex. “To respond optimally, you must be excited but relaxed. You need that feeling to excel in sports as well.” St. Louis Cardinals pitcher Bob Tewksbury agrees. “The more I try to have fun and laugh about situations, the better I perform,” he says. So far this year, Tewksbury has won nine games and lost ten.

—By Anastasia Touxelis.

With reporting by Ratu Kamiani/New York and Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago

Religion

The Computer Keys' Scrolls

Closely held ancient documents are revealed through modern software

The Dead Sea Scrolls are modern archaeology's most important find in terms of understanding ancient Judaism and the origins of Christianity 20 centuries ago. But at least one-fifth of the material remains unpublished decades after the scrolls were unearthed near Jerusalem. The circle of abnormally secretive experts that was granted control of the documents has been infuriatingly slow in preparing them for publication and has refused to let other experts see them.

To break that logjam, two scholars last week issued the first of several unauthorized volumes of the secret scrolls—clearly using a computer-generated text. The

editors are Professor Ben Zion Wacholder of Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and Martin G. Abegg Jr., one of his doctoral students. They began with a concordance to the scrolls—an index that lists each word—prepared under the auspices of the official team in the 1950s but not made available until 1988. As with a Bible concordance, each word was annotated according to its context and location. A desktop computer was used to piece together the phrases and sentences.

Volume I of *A Preliminary Edition of the Unpublished Dead Sea Scrolls* contains 16 almanacs and fragments of a significant document on beliefs and practices of an ancient Dead Sea sect. This material is hardly racy reading. Nor do experts foresee any doctrinal bombshells once the Hebrew texts are fully analyzed.

Even so, publication is a triumph for scholars who have grown old wait-

ing to see the material. Publisher Hershel Shanks of the Biblical Archaeology Society in Washington portrays his group as scholarly Robin Hoods. “This is a historic book,” he says, that “broke the monopoly” on unpublished scrolls. But the authorized group is outraged. “What else can one call it but stealing?” asks John Strugnell of Harvard University, who was removed as the team's chief editor last year, ostensibly for health reasons, after he called Judaism a “horrible” and “racist” religion.

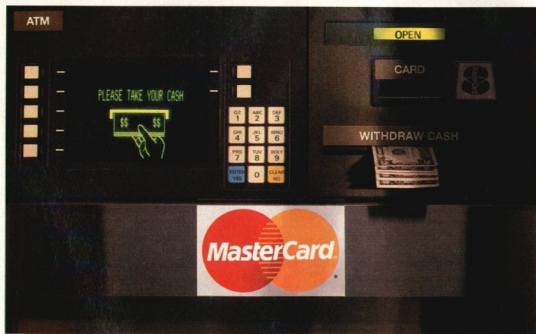
The Cincinnatians hope their action will spur the official team, which has set a target date of 1997, to speed publication of all the texts. But given the decades of delays, it remains uncertain when the Dead Sea Scrolls will finally be available and lingering mysteries cleared up.

—By Richard N. Ostling. With reporting by Michael D. Lemonick/New York and Robert Slater/Jerusalem



One of the Dead Sea texts

YOU CAN RUN OUT OF CASH ANYWHERE. BUT NOW YOU CAN GET MORE ANYWHERE.

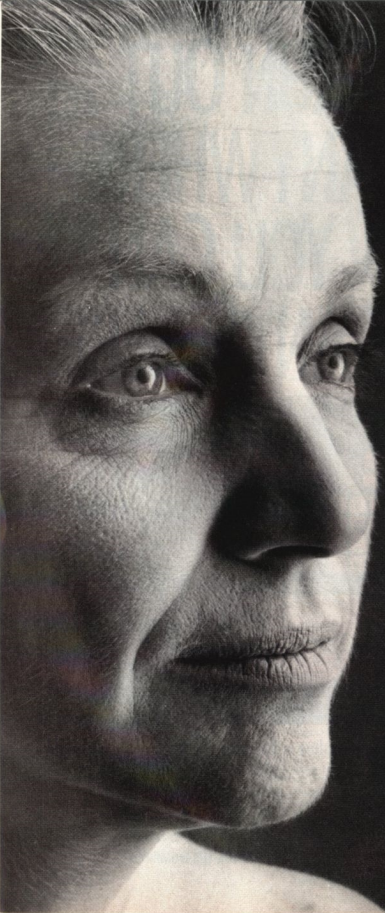


When you carry MasterCard®, cash is always handy, no matter how far you are from home. Because MasterCard offers you nearly 200,000 bank branches and 60,000 ATMs worldwide. More than four times the locations of American Express and Discover combined.

So when you think cash, think MasterCard. And when you run out of money, you won't have far to run.

MASTER THE MOMENT.®





Sadly, illness is just one of the problems facing the terminally ill.

Terminal illness seen up close is even more devastating than one imagines. For in addition to physical difficulties there are financial ones. Huge medical costs can quickly exhaust a family's financial resources. Day-to-day expenses can suddenly become a strain. And a difficult time becomes even harder.

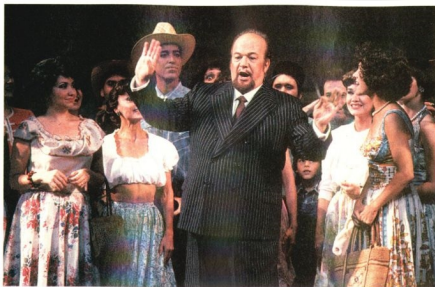
Which is why we developed our accelerated benefits option. It offers the terminally ill a lump sum accelerated payment from their life insurance. And strengthens their financial reserves when they need it most. In fact, we're the first major company to offer this benefit to all our qualified policyholders of Individual or Group Life insurance, and Single Premium Deferred Annuities.

A life insurance company often works with people facing difficult times. We at MetLife believe in helping our customers confront them.

 **MetLife**

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Show Business



Abbondanza! Che stravaganza!
Louis Quilico stars in *The Most Happy Fella* at the New York City Opera, one of a flurry of revivals of the composer's Broadway shows

The Most Snappy Fella

Broadway and the opera rediscover the deft lyrics, soaring tunes and raffish nogoodniks of the late Frank Loesser

By RICHARD CORLISS

What's playin' at the Opera?

I'll tell ya what's playin' at the Opera. Musical by a Broadway kinda guy who wrote an operatic show that'd please everyone from Hedda Gabler to Hedda Hopper. That's what's playin' at the Opera.

If you see a guy whose star shines in the musical-comedy sky right now, you can bet it'll be Frank Loesser. Though the songwriter died in 1969, his work is enjoying a burgeoning revival. Last week Loesser's "musical with a lotta music," *The Most Happy Fella* (1956), opened to bravos and bouquets at the New York City Opera in Lincoln Center. A more intimate version of *Fella* will come to Broadway later this season, as will Loesser's damn-near-immortal *Guys and Dolls* (1950). This summer's straw-hat circuit was brightened by *Where's Charley?* (1948), starring Loesser's widow Jo Sullivan and their daughter Emily Loesser. The American Stage Festival mounted a reading of *Greenwillow* (1960), with an eye to a full staging next spring. Now if someone, please, will only pull *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (1961) out of mothballs—and it's still as fresh as a Paris original—all of Loesser's Broadway shows will be accounted for.

Loesser's output as a Hollywood songwriter, in the years before the composer-lyricist-librettist ganged up on Broadway, needs no revival. It already ornaments

every TV late show. Loesser's catchy titles and skewed wit helped lodge many a song in the musical muscle memory of anyone who loves vintage pop: *Heart and Soul* and *Two Sleepy People* (music by Hoagy Carmichael), *I Don't Want to Walk Without You* (Julie Styne), *Jingle Jangle Jingle* (Joseph Lilley), *Hoop-Dee-Do* (Milton DeLugg). And when Loesser began marrying his own music to his words, he hatched even more smashes: *What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?* *On a Slow Boat to China* and a few instant standards, including *No Two People* and *Wonderful Copenhagen*, for the 1952 movie *Hans Christian Andersen*.

It couldn't happen to a more deserving fella. Loesser would tell you that. As brash as any gravel-gargling high roller from *Guys and Dolls*, he was famous for telling his singers, "Loud is good," and he applied that maxim to his professional life. For Loesser, a song was melodrama in miniature; he loved the counterpoint of two hearts and voices in seductive competition, as in *Baby, It's Cold Outside* and many other contentious duets. They were an expression of his own tumultuous personality. During *Guys and Dolls* rehearsals, exasperated by Isabel Bigley's tentative attempts at *I'll Know*, Loesser stormed onstage and punched his leading lady in the nose. The show's Adelaide, Vivian Blaine, remembers him more fondly: "A lovable, raucous man with a deliciously evil laugh." Ever restless, he'd catch a few hours' sleep, start his composing (on a silent piano) at 4 a.m., and be ready for a

martini at 8 a.m. "After all," says Sullivan, with whom Loesser fell in love when she sang the female lead in *Most Happy Fella*, "it was lunchtime for him."

Born into an erudite New York City family in 1910, Loesser for a while seemed the least likely to succeed. His father Henry was a respected piano teacher. After being widowed, his mother Julia translated and lectured on modern literature. His elder half brother Arthur was a pianist and musicologist who ultimately headed the piano department of the Cleveland Institute of Music. Friends of the family were surprised that Frank, not Arthur, achieved top musical renown; they affectionately called him the "evil of the two Loessers."

In 1931 he teamed with William Schuman—later a distinguished classical composer and president of Lincoln Center—to write songs and skits for vaudeville and radio performers. "He was an intellectual," Schuman recalls, "who'd go to the ends of the earth to hide that from anybody. Altogether brilliant." He moved on to Hollywood in 1937, fashioning bright novelties for comedy and dramatic actresses. Marlene Dietrich memorably mooded *See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have*, and Bette Davis croaked the wartime lament *They're Either Too Young or Too Old*. It was all "prentice work for a man who would become one of Broadway's great sketch artists, whose songs could propel the story even as they stopped the show."

Loesser the Hollywood lyricist was Mr. Do-It-All. He wrote torchy stuff for gangster dramas and saron songs for Dorothy Lamour. When collaborating, Loesser usually devised the lyric first, along with a "dummy tune" to suggest tempo and rhythm. Jimmy McHugh could compose a long, languid melodic line for *Let's Get*

Lost because Loesser had compressed the intensity of new passion into the narrowest meter: "Let's defrost/ In a romantic mist./ Let's get crossed/ Off everybody's list."

World War II made Loesser a complete songwriter. Eager to contribute an anthem to the infantry, he wrote *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, and this time the dummy tune became the published song—and a big hit. When he returned to movies, writing pile-driving boogie-woogie (*Rumble Rumble Rumble*) and patter songs (*Can't Stop Talking*) for hyperactive Betty Hutton, he had the credit he wanted: songs by Frank Loesser.

Too many songs, George S. Kaufman thought. "Good God," muttered the director of *Gyps and Dolls* during the volatile rehearsals, "do we have to do every number this son of a bitch ever wrote?" You bet, when every number is a small ruby; the first act alone comprises its own Top 10 eternal hit parade. The ballads *If I Were a Bell* and *I've Never Been in Love Before* and the up-tempo *Fugue for Tinhorns* and *A Bushel and a Peck* distinguish any musical. But the savor of *Gyps and Dolls* is in Loesser's capturing of the Damon Runyon Broadway wit, and by extension the unique pizzazz of big-town America. No one had put a medical dictionary to music and turned it into a declaration of psychosomatic desperation, as in the nonpareil *Adelaide's Lament*. Nobody ever heard a love plaint like Nathan Detroit's: "All right already, I'm just a no-goodnik/ All right already, it's true. So nu?/ So sue me, sue me, what can you do me?/ I love you."

In the nearly unprecedented role of composer, lyricist and librettist for a Broadway show, Loesser adapted Sidney Howard's 1924 play *They Knew What They Wanted*, the story of a naive Italian-American grape grower who tricks a pretty waitress into marriage. The result, after five years' work, was *The Most Happy Fella*, a rich and deeply felt pastiche of popular and operatic vocabularies. If none of its 40-plus songs have quite the lasting power of *Gyps and Dolls'* tunes, the show has an emotive force rare on Broadway; the feeling is big enough to fill an opera stage.

After *Greenwillow*, a daring flop, and *How to Succeed*, his longest-running hit, Loesser worked on two more shows: *Pleasures and Palaces*, which closed in Detroit, and *Señor Discretion*, for which he had composed drafts of all the songs. This workaholic was a smokeaholic too; in his study, cigarette butts would pile up like a Watts Tower of spent nicotine. Loesser called them coffin nails, and he was right: he died of lung cancer at 59.

He left behind legacies that perhaps only Frank Loesser could turn into hit songs. Music, no matter what its pedigree, can be great music. A tempestuous composer can be a sweet guy—a goodnik. Loud, of course, is good. And Loesser is more.

—With reporting by William Tyman/New York

Cinema

After War, a Witch Hunt

URANUS Directed by Claude Berri

Screenplay by Claude Berri and Arlette Langmann

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

Politics, as we all know, makes strange bedfellows. But as a remarkably tolerant fellow named Archambaud (Jean-Pierre Marielle) discovers in *Uranus*, even a determinedly apolitical citizen can find himself sharing his nest with some oddly disparate ducks.

The time is spring 1945, the early days

falsely accused of harboring the collaborator (and briefly jailed), his outrage, hugely comic but strangely blackened around the edges, is marvelous to behold.

Depardieu writes large what the other players in this typically French—that is, typically terrific—ensemble write small: the complexity of human motives at delicately stated cross-purposes. To an American observer, accustomed to watching actors

struggle to find more than one dimension in their movie roles, the sight of actors comfortably, gratefully inhabiting contradictory, fully human roles is this movie's great pleasure.

It is, of course, the same bliss that director Claude Berri offered us in *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*, his adaptations of Marcel Pagnol's fictions. And indeed, *Uranus* (it takes its title from the dark, cold planet) resembles those limpid works in its setting, tone and sympathetic anatomy of a provincial society.

There is, however, an important difference. *Uranus* is based on a novel by Marcel Aymé, not quite a Nazi apologist but by no means an oppositionist either. He wrote his book as a protest against the communist-led witch hunt for collaborators that followed the war. The film makes the case against the totalitarian intolerance of empowered Stalinism—in French practice it often amounted to a settling of personal scores—with persuasive force.

On the other hand, there are no Jews in this town, and the film contains no reference at all to the Holocaust. "When it comes to horror, all ideas are equal," Berri has the intelligently spoken Nazi say. But that's too smooth a dismissal of the terrible consequences of certain intellectual abominations. Some ideas really are more equal than others in their destructive power. Yet even as one condemns this sophistry, one has to acknowledge Berri's courage in thinking about what must be for him, as a Jew, the unthinkable. The power, as well as the perversity, of his movie derives from the same source: a need to reimagine a historical passage long since encrusted with right-thinking clichés.

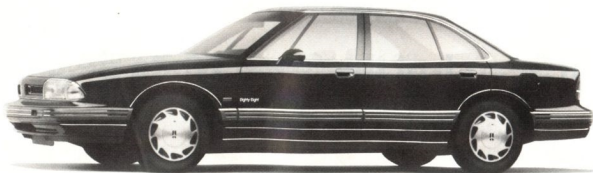


Noiret and Depardieu: complex human motives at cross-purposes

of France's liberation from German occupation. The place is a small town where a large number of people have been bombed out of their homes. As a result, Archambaud and his family have a communist (Michel Blanc) living in one room and a humanist (Philippe Noiret) living in another. And soon enough they take in a Nazi collaborator (Gérard Desarthe).

The movie never satisfactorily explains how all these natural enemies avoid bumping into one another outside the bathroom door. But then they are, even the home-grown Nazi, very circumspect people. Their tendency is to mutter their ideological passions, not shout them. For they are, most basically, village folk, more interested in restoring the sustaining continuities of their lives than they are in maintaining their high wartime dudgeons.

Besides, Léopold (Gérard Depardieu), the town drunk who also happens to be the town innkeeper, creates all the melodramatic hubbub their little community can tolerate—or a good movie requires. A poet manqué as well as a sometime black marketeer, he has the manners of a thug and the soul of a romantic. When he is



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In Search of the Great White Bear

A handful of hearty U.S. government researchers brave dangerous Alaskan ice and cold to track and protect elusive arctic polar bears



Studying the ultimate predator: a mammoth polar bear snarls as she attempts to flee the researchers' hovering helicopter, top. After the bear is felled by a tranquilizing dart, one scientist stands watch for cubs as another ensures that the big bear has been immobilized, left. As part of an exhaustive exam, the bear's upper lip is tattooed with an identification number.

By TED GUP ST. LAWRENCE

Above a glistening ice pack in the Bering Sea, a helicopter stalks a polar bear, following paw prints in the snow. The bear suddenly appears as a hint of movement, white against white, padding its way across the ice. The helicopter descends, hovering over the frightened creature, and a shotgun slides out the window, firing a tranquilizer dart into the massive

fur-covered rump. Minutes pass. The bear shows no effects. The helicopter drops for a second shot. This time the bear stands its ground, and the pilot, fearing the animal is about to lunge for the aircraft, abruptly noses the chopper skyward. He remembers how a 9-ft. bear once swiped at a helicopter's skids, shredding the pontoons.

But this bear finally staggers, then stretches out on the ice like a giant sheep dog. The helicopter sets down, and biolo-

gist Gerald Garner advances, kicking the bear in the behind to make sure it is immobilized. A swivel of its head and a flashing of teeth warn Garner that there is plenty of defiance left in this 272-kg (600-lb.) carnivore. With a syringe, he injects more drug. At last the head droops, and Garner can proceed. Around the bear's neck he fastens a vinyl collar containing a computer that will send data to a satellite, allowing scientists to keep track of the animal for

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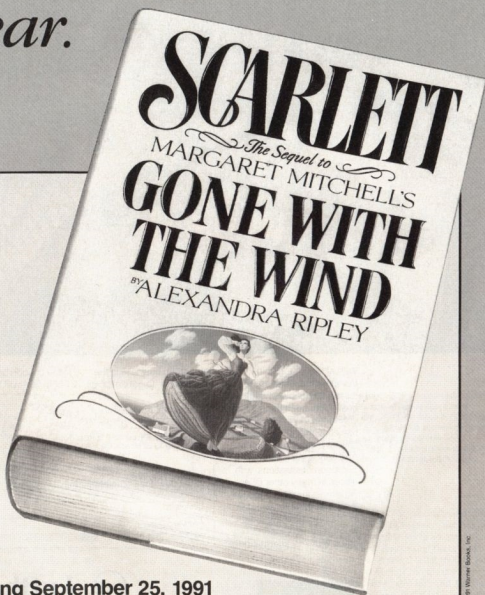
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a year. By the time Bear No. 6,886 raises its head, the helicopter is safely aloft.

Those tense moments were all in a day's work for Garner, one of a handful of hearty scientists, pilots and technicians taking part in a ground-breaking and hazardous \$700,000 annual U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service study of arctic polar bear populations. In an effort to follow the fate of more than 600 bears since the program's inception, the researchers have braved wind-chill factors of -59°C (-75°F), spartan living conditions, the constant threat of mechanical failures and the peril of being stranded on an ice pack. Last October two government biologists and a pilot vanished while tracking polar bears from the air. Officials believe their helicopter plunged under the ice, muffling their emergency signal. Other researchers have been rescued after a wakeful night on an ice floe.

"This is a very unforgiving environment," says mechanic Lester Hampton. "The biggest danger is getting caught in bad weather and running low on fuel. The second biggest danger is having a mechanical failure and having to put in out there. The third biggest danger is that after you do, the bears are going to come in and try to eat you up—and that's if you don't freeze to death. If you do in that water, it's a done deal—you're dead."

Two decades ago, big-game hunters, not researchers, pursued polar bears from the air and on the ground. A thousand carcasses a year littered the Arctic. The number of ice bears dwindled, and there was worldwide concern that the animal might be hunted to extinction. Today the bears' recovery is one of the success stories of conservation. Worldwide, polar bears now number at least 20,000, all of which are protected by a 1976 international agreement. Alaska has 3,000 to 5,000 polar bears, and only the state's Native Americans can hunt them—and strictly for subsistence purposes.

The Fish and Wildlife Service project is part of a continuing effort to advance biologists' understanding of the polar bear and assess potential new threats against the creature. Researchers, for example, are most concerned about the impact of increasing oil and gas exploration in the Arctic. Another concern comes from the Soviet Union, which has proposed to lift its 35-year-old ban on polar bear hunting. Many of western Alaska's bears migrate as much as 1,609 km (1,000 miles) to set up winter dens in the Soviet Union. U.S. and Soviet biologists are working together to find out how many bears migrate in this fashion to ensure that one country does not undermine the conservation efforts of the other.

In search of the bears, the Fish and Wildlife Service has dispatched scientists to some of the most remote regions of the U.S. One expedition earlier this year was based on St. Lawrence Island's desolate expanse of tundra and mountains rising out of the Bering Sea. In Savoonga, an Eskimo village on the edge of the frozen sea, re-

searchers lived in a bunkhouse with no running water and snow drifts above the windowsills. "We're stretching everything to the limit in terms of safety to accomplish these research objectives," says Larry Pank of the Alaska Wildlife Research Center. "We have a real interest in ensuring we have a polar bear population at the same or similar levels 50 or 100 years from now."

Many of the pilots and mechanics have Vietnam combat experience. "Most of these guys have been shot out of the air a time or two. That's valuable experience if you have a mechanical problem," says biologist Garner. Pilot Paul Walters flew low-level reconnaissance in Vietnam. Before taking off to track polar bears, he tells any neophyte on board that if the chopper crashes, survivors should kick out the glass, retrieve the orange survival bag and activate the emergency transmitter.

"Risk goes with the territory," says biologist Tom McCabe, who lost a third of his arm to shrapnel in Vietnam. If another bear charges while he is examining a bear, he will try to scare it off with Teflon bullets. If that fails, he has a shotgun and a .44 Magnum pistol in a shoulder holster. "The polar bear is the ultimate predator," he says. "He doesn't seem to fear anything." Alaska polar bear expert Jack Lentfer remembers how a bear that was thought to have been tranquilized suddenly reared up and chased him. When the bear was almost upon him, a colleague shot the animal. "It would have chewed me up," says Lentfer.

"You develop a fatalistic attitude. If something happens, it happens," says Garner. He has handled 250 polar bears—and 450 grizzly bears. At times he resembles a bear. He stands 6 ft. 2 in., weighs 225-plus lbs., chomps cigars through a wild beard and is girded in layer upon layer of insulated clothing, topped off with a beaver hat. He has little time for worry. Mornings he contacts Anchorage for the latest satellite fixes on his bears. During the day, he tracks and collars the animals. Each is subjected to an exhaustive exam. A tooth is removed to determine age. Vials of blood are drawn for immunological and genetic study. A hole is punched in the ear for an identification tag. A number is tattooed on the bear's upper lip. A snippet of fur is cut. At night Garner spins bear blood in a centrifuge, reads his darts and cleans the barrels of his shotguns.

Any hardship is offset by the chance to work with mammals as charismatic as they are inaccessible. "This is as good as it gets," says Garner. "I'm surprised people would pay me to do this." Ian Stirling of the Canadian Wildlife Service sums up the admiration felt by most of the bears' scientific followers: "The polar bear is the Arctic incarnate. When you watch one sauntering across the ice and it's 30 below, he looks as comfortable as someone in a pair of shorts on the beach in Hawaii."

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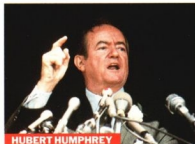
Democrats as Cannibals

Two merciless new books explore why the party of the working class does not seem to work anymore

By LAURENCE I. BARRETT

Among Democrats' tribal practices during the past two decades, supping on their losing presidential candidate has become hard custom. The party not only deprives its recent champion the ancient role of shadow leader; it also devours him as the solitary symbol of defeat. From George Mc-

From Harry Truman's time through Lyndon Johnson's, the party's presidential wing expanded its role as protector of society's stepchildren. That worked politically as long as reforms were seen as reversing blatant injustices and as long as the economy grew fast enough to raise nearly everyone's standard of living. Those critical caveats finally evaporated. As demands for equality of



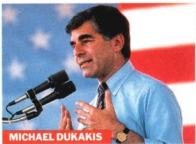
HUBERT HUMPHREY



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MICHAEL DUKAKIS

Gallery of losers: by blaming their presidential defeats solely on the candidates, the Democrats ignored their collective blunders in allowing the middle class to defect

Govern to Michael Dukakis, the nominees ran flawed campaigns. But by always heaping all the blame on their latest loser, the Democrats conduct an exercise in denial. That allows the party to ignore the collective blunders that explain why it has lost five of the past six presidential elections.

Now, as the Democrats listlessly begin the 1992 nomination ritual, two new books examine the party's distress with merciless precision. Thomas Byrne Edsall's *Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics* (Norton; 340 pages; \$22.95) and Peter Brown's *Minority Party: Why Democrats Face Defeat in 1992 and Beyond* (Regnery Gateway; 352 pages; \$21.95) track the Democratic coalition's decay since the 1960s, when the white middle class began to defect. The increasing militancy of the civil rights movement—soon followed by gays, feminists and other groups demanding equity—sped the exodus.

diverse kinds grew more strident, changing economic trends and federal tax policy began to enrage Middle Americans who had been the core of Democratic majorities.

Meanwhile, the old liberal wing surrendered the nominating machinery to left-leaning activists who never met a grievance they would not embrace. Edsall recalls a seminal line from the 1972 platform: "We must restructure the social, political and economic relationships throughout the entire society in order to ensure the equitable distribution of wealth and power." To many white voters, that approach—fleshed out in government regulations and court decisions—was perceived as meaning fewer rewards for them and more for under-serving recipients of federal largesse.

Edsall and Brown cover much of the same ground in reaching a common conclusion: the myopia of Democratic leaders contributed heavily to a rearrangement of social allegiances. Democrats can prosper

in national elections only when they persuade the middle classes to unite with the lower classes. But Democratic fecklessness enabled the Republicans to woo the middle classes into a union with the wealthy on Election Day.

The authors approach their subject from different perspectives. Brown, who writes for Scripps-Howard News Service, emphasizes the view from the ground up and adopts a snarly tone. Edsall, a Washington *Post* reporter who has written extensively on political sociology, provides a broader historical analysis from the top down. His attitude is more mournful than damning.

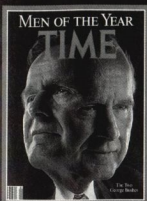
In *Minority Party*, Brown introduces ordinary citizens whose hopes, fears and prejudices explain much about today's politics. We hear from two skilled hardhats who get along well on the job and whose life-styles would indicate similar political views. But Justin Darr, a white defector from the Democrats, objects to intrusive government programs. Howard Jeffers, who is black, remains loyal to the party he sees as protecting the little guy. Brown points out that when the Democratic National Committee sponsored a massive opinion survey in 1985, seeking ways to recapture voters like Darr, the results were suppressed for fear of offending minority leaders. The author even chastises the party for selecting a well-qualified black as national chairman; bad imagery, Brown insists.

Edsall's *Chain Reaction* is particularly strong in tracing the conservative movement's adroitness in exploiting liberals' errors. The right wing's basic tenets changed little between 1964 and 1980. Yet while Barry Goldwater came across as a reactionary, Ronald Reagan established himself as spokesman for Everyman. Reagan altered some nuances, to be sure, but the major change in the interim was that many citizens had lost confidence in Washington as a fount of social progress.

During the same period, Edsall argues persuasively, the Democratic leadership refused to face the political implications of the emerging black underclass. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, as a Johnson adviser in 1965, had the prescience to describe the "tangle of pathology" resulting from the breakdown of ghetto family life. But many liberals denounced his analysis as racist. In failing to address unpleasant realities, the Democrats handed conservatives harsh symbols—from Reagan's "welfare queen" to the Bush campaign's Willie Horton—with which to stoke white fury.

Will that anger endure, along with Republican control of the White House? Neither author provides a ballot of hope to Democrats yearning for reversal of fortune soon. But the party that celebrates its 200th anniversary next year has survived long exiles in the wilderness before. Partisans suffering terminal despair should recall that in 1964, speculation about the imminent demise of the G.O.P. came awfully cheap. ■

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Amo, Amas, Amis

MEMOIRS by Kingsley Amis
Summit; 346 pages; \$25

Readings this collection of essays and sketches is a bit like listening to a bristly British clubman, over whiskey-and-sodas, who has been cursed with total recall. Kingsley Amis was the archetypal Angry Young Man, as well as a very funny one, when he wrote *Lucky Jim* back in 1954. Amis can still be funny, when in the mood, but he is also still out of sorts: *Memoirs* seem to have been compiled as much to settle old scores as to relive the past.

Encyclopedic is the list of people and objects that have offended the Amis sensibilities: shrinks, the British army, body odor on crowded Prague streetcars, bebop, racist profs at Nashville's Vanderbilt University (where he taught for a semester). Then there are such literati as Arnold Wesker, John Wain, Malcolm Muggeridge and Leo Rosten, author of the *H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* stories, whose cardinal sin, apparently, was failing to ply a dinner guest (Amis) with sufficient booze.

Some jaunty and possibly well-practiced barbs are aimed at women, mostly categorized by Amis as shrews or lays. Noting that many male writers find inspiration



Amis: still funny and still out of sorts

while showering or shaving, he adds, "One reason for the inferiority of women novelists to men, if indeed they are inferior, may well be that comparatively few of them shave with any regularity."

Still, *Memoirs* is not all misanthropy and -ogyny. Amis gives a generous portrait of his shy, witty fellow Oxonian, the poet Philip Larkin, who like the author had to endure that most mannered of academic dons, Lord David Cecil. One sprightly chapter contains a mercilessly comic imitation of a lisping Cecil pointlessly beginning a lecture. ("When we say a man looks like a poet ... dough mean ... looks like Chauthah?") Cecil had the ill grace to

Books

flunk Amis for his B. Litt. thesis, but the author uncharacteristically lets bygones be. Perhaps it's too hard to stay angry with someone so wholly and genuinely eccentric. It was, after all, one of Lord David's sons who, when asked what he planned to be when he grew up, responded, "I'm going to be a neurotic like Daddy." —*By John Elson*

Stone on Stone

THE RIVERKEEPER
by Alec Wilkinson
Knopf; 191 pages; \$20

Readings one of the *New Yorker's* long reportorial pieces is something like watching an up-country mason who knows his stuff build an unmortared stone wall. Progress is slow but nearly always interesting; and the result, gray and rough-textured, following the dips and rises of the ground at hand, is satisfying but not showy. Observing such deliberate construction can be marvelously soothing, as when Alec Wilkinson, one of the magazine's younger fact writers, lays down a long list of house names toward the beginning of an article on the Tlingit-speaking Native Americans of Admiralty Island, off the mainland of southeast Alaska.

"Some of the names," Wilkinson writes, stone on stone, "are Iron Bark House, Springwater House, Killer Whale House, Killer Whale Chasing the Seal House, Killer Whale Tooth House, Log Jam House, Mountain Valley House, On Top of the Fort House, End of the Trail House, Middle of the Village House, Bear House, Raven House, and Raven Bones House."

Splendid, the reader thinks, wall building at its best. And as the bath water cools around the islands of his knees, he follows Wilkinson through nearly 100 pages of close observation of a small village called Angoon, burned in 1882 by the U.S. Navy in a bloody-minded show of force. The author does not argue that Tlingit culture before the coming of white men was noble (arguing is not his style), but clearly it was strong and coherent. Now in Angoon, after successive incursions by Russian fishermen, the Navy, Stateside Presbyterian missionaries of ineffable arrogance, and present-day loggers, pickup-truck sellers and fish-and-game regulators, it is weak and probably dying.

Two shorter *New Yorker* articles, one on the Portuguese-American fishermen of Provincetown, Mass., and the other, the title piece, on an environmentalist who patrols the Hudson River, are well sketched, though they might usefully have been longer. This is solid work in a traditional landscape, and the reader resolves to watch for more of it.

—*By John Skow*

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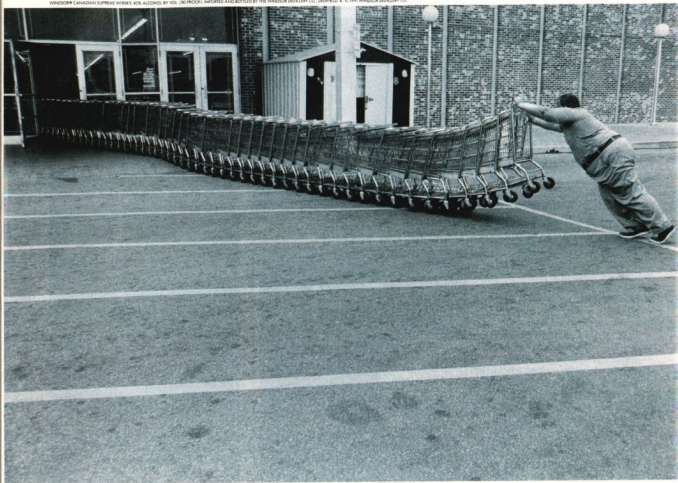
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Fortunately, every day comes with an evening.



People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole/New York

A Look At the Books on Madonna

Hard to believe, but some people actually think that Madonna hasn't been candid enough with her fans. Thus we have not one, not two, but three upcoming unauthorized biographies of the pop temptress. The bios cough up enough Madonna trivia to start a board game. For instance, did you know that her childhood nicknames included Squeeze, Mad and Mudd? That her first kiss took place in a convent? That she likes to eat Aerobic Apricot Curry? That she has a near genius I.Q. of 140? And there's more to come: a fourth bio is in the works. Cut Madonna, and ink comes out.



Madonna Revealed
Douglas Thompson
British tabloid reporter



Madonna Unauthorized
Christopher Andersen
Former PEOPLE editor



Madonna: The Book
Norman King
Banker, part-time author

Advance Hype	"Sheds revealing light on the real Madonna."	"Makes <i>Truth or Dare</i> look like <i>The Little Mermaid</i> ."	Shows us "the dark roots under all that blonde ambition."
Author on Madonna	"There's a vulnerable person there."	"She's like a multi-faceted cartoon."	"She's like Norman Schwarzkopf. She plans everything."
Like a Virgin?	It started with Russell in the back of a Cadillac.	Prince, J.F.K. Jr., Sandra Bernhard and more!	"I don't think she was ever promiscuous at all."
Sample Madonna Minutia	Her brothers used to hang her on a clothesline by her underwear.	She got an A in Russian history.	She received her first Valentine's Day card when she was nine.
Sources	60	300	200
Sample Source	Waitress who once served Madonna a house salad	Carol, Madonna's friend in the Brownies	Doug, a guy who once dated Madonna's sister
Interviewed Madonna?	No	No	No, but shook her hand at a function

No Joke!

There he was, a bit plumper perhaps, and maybe a tad less jumpy, but still gloriously goofy, **Pee-wee Herman!** Making his first public appearance since his July arrest for masturbating in a movie theater, Pee-wee was the surprise opening act at last week's televised MTV

awards in Los Angeles. The audience gave him a long, exuberant standing ovation, a touching tribute to his indefatigable immaturity. "Heard any good jokes lately?" asked Pee-wee. Then, alluding to the all-too-easy jokes that have been made at his expense, he answered with a signature line: "So funny I forgot to laugh!"



Deface Value

What do you get for defacing public property in Los Angeles? A \$10,000 grant, if you're **ROBBIE CONAL**. For years the artist has angered city officials by plastering telephone poles, traffic-signal boxes and other public property with his political paintings. But the city that once billed Conal \$1,300 for cleanup costs has given him \$10,000 to put one of his works on a billboard, to be mounted this week, as part of an effort to discourage illegal street art. Nice try. "I will continue to do nonsanctioned art whenever I'm moved to," says Conal, who explains his desire to deface this way: "I've always had surface lust."





Jack Kerouac

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Milestones

More Than a Heart Warmer

Frank Capra: 1897-1991

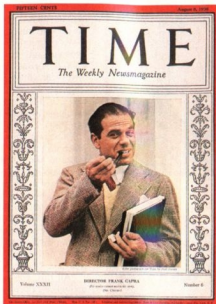
By RICHARD SCHICKEL

Their basic business being the creation of images, not many movie directors contribute a word to the language, much less one that becomes one of the medium's reigning critical clichés. But Frank Capra did. The word, of course, is Capraesque.

To most people the term signifies almost any improbable but distinctly inspirational story in which an idealistic little guy, though his principles may briefly waver, ultimately triumphs first over self-doubt, then over the big, expedient guys determined to exploit him and his class. And to most people the movie that epitomizes all this is *It's a Wonderful Life*, Capra's 1946 fantasy about a man who falls into suicidal despair because he thinks he has accomplished nothing of value, but is rescued by a guardian angel who shows him, in a gloriously realized dream sequence, how miserable the lives of his town, his friends, his family would have been had he never existed to touch them with his goodness.

The history of the picture itself is Capraesque. A flop on its release, it later fell out of copyright, and TV stations, looking for what to them was literally cheap Christmas sentiment, played it and played it until it became a Yuletide tradition and the one Capra movie everyone knows and loves.

Which is too bad. For Capra was a moviemaker whose range and gifts far exceeded any one-word or one-picture definition of them. The emphasis on the heart-warming content of his films has obscured the sometimes heart-stopping skill with which he orchestrated his themes. In fact, it is because his technique was so sophisticated



In 1938: iron will, ego and bustling ambition

that he achieved the whopping suspensions of disbelief many of his stories required.

Not that there was anything cynical about Capra's belief in the Capraesque. A Sicilian immigrant who revered America for the opportunities it offered him and, during his youthful days as a door-to-door salesman, learned to love the common sense and common decency of its common people, Capra knew in his bones the kind of life he would later celebrate. He stumbled into the movies completely untutored,

apprenticed as a gag writer in the silent comedy studios, and became a director working out of Columbia Pictures, then a poverty-row outfit desperate enough for hits to tolerate Capra's iron will, powerful ego and bustling ambition.

Honing his craft on tough-minded urban romances, comedies and social commentaries that are now (regrettably) almost forgotten, Capra crammed his frame with people who talked and moved just a little faster, a little more eccentrically than they did in real life. He achieved his breakthrough (and the first of his three Oscars) with his 24th film, *It Happened One Night*, which incidentally established romantic comedy as the 1930s' most characteristic genre.

The film's success gave him the clout, and the budgets, to make his great trilogy of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936), *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939) and *Meet John Doe* (1941). These were little-guy pictures par excellence. But they were also movies tense with the awareness that the good nature and naivety of ordinary people leave them vulnerable to political and media manipulation, a theme Capra was among the first directors to explore. The movies were also magnificently made, each marked by wonderfully staged and

edited sequences of volatile crowds—the great fascist rally in the rain in *Meet John Doe* being one of the truly privileged, truly alarming moments in movie history.

It's an irony that in Capra's last years, official, award-giving America insisted on honoring him as a man of simple sentiment and that he cheerfully went along with this reduced version of himself. His nature and achievements were much richer and more complex than that, and they cry out for history's healing revisionism.

MARRIED. John Travolta, 37, cleft-chinned star of *Saturday Night Fever* and *Look Who's Talking Too*, and Kelly Preston, 28, star of *Run*; he for the first time, she for the second; in Paris. The couple expect their first child next spring.

CROWNED. Roger Maris, Yankee slugger and rifle-armed right fielder; as major-league baseball's undisputed single-season home-run king. In 1961 Maris hit 61 homers, surpassing Babe Ruth's 1927 mark of 60. But Ford Frick, then commissioner of baseball, ruled that Maris had technically not broken Ruth's record, since the Babe reached his total during the old 154-game season while Maris did not hit his 61st until the final day of the modern 162-game season. Thus Maris' achievement went into the books with a special annotation. Last

week, following a vote by major-league baseball's committee for statistical accuracy, Maris, who died in 1985 at 51, gained undisputed recognition.

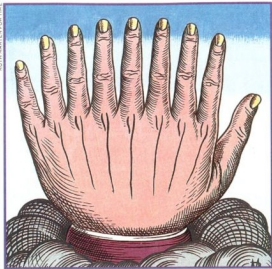
INDICTED. Robert Ray, 38, motorman on the New York City subway train that crashed on Aug. 28, killing five people and injuring 200; on five counts of second-degree murder; in New York City. Prosecutors upgraded the charges from manslaughter as a result of new evidence that Ray fell asleep at the controls and failed to apply the brakes because he had been drinking. If convicted of murder, Ray faces a minimum sentence of 15 years to life.

DIED. Donald ("Pee Wee") Gaskins, 58, convicted murderer who last week became the first white man in the U.S. to die for

killing a black since the death penalty was upheld in 1976; of electrocution; in Columbia, S.C. In 1982 Gaskins was hired to kill a fellow inmate, murderer Rudolph Tyner, which he accomplished by giving his victim a bomb disguised as a radio.

DIED. Dottie West, 58, Grammy-winning country-music star (*Here Comes My Baby*, *Country Sunshine*) and veteran of the Grand Ole Opry; of injuries sustained in an auto accident; in Nashville.

DIED. Thomas Trydon, 65, square-jawed film actor (*The Crying Land*, *In Harm's Way*) who quit the screen and became the author of best-selling grotesque horror novels (*The Other, Harvest Home*) and a historical epic (*The Wings of the Morning*); of stomach cancer; in Los Angeles.



Essay Pico Iyer

The Many Lives And Tricks of 9

It passes through our minds, it tumbles off our fingers every day. Regardless almost of our race or tongue, it is as close to us as the date of our birth, the number of our telephone, the house in which we live. Yet how often do we ever think of 9? In numbers, Pythagoras and Plotinus and other worthies have believed, lie the secrets of the universe; God and nature move in 40-day rotations, 28-day cycles, passages of 9 months. And in 9 alone is a universe—maybe even a paradise—if only we would stop and look.

Every number has its character, its own distinctive coloring: 5, for instance, is the gray accountant, the user-friendly solid citizen, the John Major, if you like, of integers; 6 has the springtime bounce of a perky cheerleader, though taken too far, it leads straight to hell (666 is the number of the Beast). And 7 is everybody's lucky number—we base our lives around 7 seas, 7 heavens and 7 graces (and then, inevitably, as their shadow side, the 7 deadlies). But what of 9? It is, we all know, an odd number (very odd), and an early square. It is a 6 on its head, a circle and a line, the highest digit and the last, with something of the darkness that attaches to last things. Yet it has strange magic in it. Multiply any number by 9, and the sum of the digits will also come to 9 ($7 \times 9 = 63$; $6 + 3 = 9$). Reverse the digits, and the number you get (36) will also be a multiple of 9. Take any number you choose (4,321) and divide it by 9. The remainder you get (1) will be the same as the remainder you get when you add the digits ($4 + 3 + 2 + 1$) and divide by 9. That is why mathematicians check their calculations by "casting out nines."

Thus 9 is the source of magic squares, pool-table pyramids, and various patterns that reproduce themselves indefinitely. Most of us, however, know it on less formal terms: as a friend to decision making (9 judges on the Supreme Court) and the key to the heavens (9 planets and 9 Muses). Statisticians covet

it—since if all 9 members of a baseball team have 9 at bats (in any number of 9-inning games), their batting averages can be computed instantaneously (2 for 9 is .222, 3 for 9 is .333, 4 for 9 is .444, and so on, through the order). And 9 is a priceless aid to shopkeepers, who will keep on charging \$9.99 or \$49.95 till the end of time. In binary terms, 9 is 1001—the number of adventure and romance; in England you dial 999 for emergencies (to reverse, perhaps, the diabolic effect of 666). Yet 9 also has an edge to it, the menace that comes from lying along a fault line: it is the number just before the boxer is counted out, the cat runs out of lives, the lover slams the door.

Every number, of course, is only what we make of it, and one man's anguished 10-1 is another's rosy $2 + 3 + 4$. In fact, 4 was the divine *tetraktys* for Pythagoras, and we comfort ourselves still with 4 seasons, 4 directions and 4 elements. Yet in China there are 5 of each—not least, perhaps, because the character for 4 is a homonym of the character for *death* (and even now, in many Far Eastern hotels, a fourth floor is as rare as a 13th).

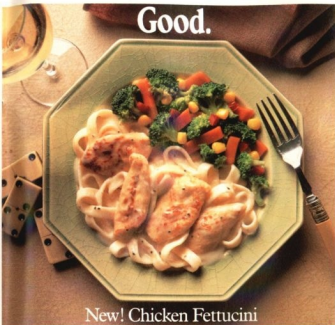
Nine is equally two-faced. Christ died at the 9th hour, and Macbeth's Weird Sisters chant eerily, "Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine! And thrice again, to make up nine." Yet the Egyptians were devoted to the *Enneads* (a triple triad). The legends of northern Europe revolve around 9 bards, 9 dragons, 9 stones in a circle. We all know of Dante's 9 circles of Hell, but few, perhaps, remember that they were merely the inversion of the 9 he associated with Heaven. In the Middle Ages, indeed, 9 was "first and foremost the angelic number." Milton divided his *Nativity ode* into 3 sections of 9 stanzas each; one 16th century church in Venice has, quite consciously, a nave 9 paces wide and 27 paces long.

All this, you may say, is mere antique superstition. Yet many lives, even today, still hang in the balance of numbers. The bustling contemporary city of Kyoto, in Japan, is divided into 9 auspicious sections. In Beijing, within an old man's memory, the Emperor would ascend the Altar of Heaven—a perfect circle inside a perfect square—and, his 9 grades of mandarins performing a 9-fold bowing before him, survey a world of 9s. "From the center of the topmost tier nine rings of paving-stones radiated out in concentric multiples of nine," explains author Colin Thubron, "and fanned down into the lower terraces, nine rows to each, in ever-expanding manifolds of nine." To this day, the 37 million citizens of Burma are ruled not only by the shadow dictator Ne Win, but by his favorite number, 9. A devotee of golf (no coincidence), Win governs his life by 9s—he took 45 people with him on a trip to America; he overthrew an upstart civilian government on the 18th day of the 9th month; he gave his party the 9th, 18th and 27th slots on electoral ballots. Yet he finally overstepped the mark when, four years ago, he decided on a whim to replace all 25-, 35- and 75-kyat bank notes with 45- and 90-kyat notes—thus, at a stroke, rendering half the currency in Burma worthless and many Burmese citizens, who kept their savings at home, penniless. "The number nine is not just lucky," a Western diplomat told the *New Yorker*. "It is a powerful number, which has to be conquered. Otherwise, it's a danger to you."

Does any of this have any bearing on us? Even Goethe might not too readily say, "Nein." For this, let us remember, is a palindromic year, the first since 1881; and those still alive 11 years from now will be the first for a millennium—since 1001, in fact—to experience two palindromic years. Anyone who doubts the power of the number 9 need only talk to someone who was 39, or 49, last night, and is 40, or 50, today. In short, 9 is no 9-day wonder; it is, for many, "the number of heaven itself." So this week, as we go about noting the date 9/9, let us spare a thought for the number that will be keeping us close company for 9 more years at least. And ponder the reverberations of Emerson's pregnant epigraph to nature, "The rounded world is fair to see! Nine times folded in mystery." ■

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